

His Royal Highness Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, eldest son of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, was married in St Paul's Cathedral yesterday to the Lady Diana Frances Spencer, youngest daughter of the Earl Spencer and the Honourable Mrs Shand Kydd.

## Day of unbridled romance in a grey world

By Alan Hamilton

A princely marriage is the brilliant edition of a universal fact and, as such, it rivets mankind. When the couple fluff their lines, the universal fact becomes instantly and poignantly human.

Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales and heir to the Throne, and Lady Diana Frances Spencer, were married before the altar of St Paul's Cathedral at 11.20 am yesterday, she having promised to take Philip Charles Arthur George, and he having omitted to mention that the goods with which he endowed her were worldly ones.

It was the most public of all private moments, watched by 3,500 guests inside Wren's light and majestic cathedral, heard over loudspeakers by one million people lining the processional route, and seen by another 750 million throughout the world on the most popular television programme yet transmitted.

The marriage ceremony, conducted according to the simple rite of the Church of England, was the core and the purpose of a great ceremonial occasion that assumed the gaiety of carnival rather than the gravity of state, with the participation of more crowned heads and commoners than London has seen since the Coronation.

In a grey world, for a troubled nation smothered from a crown of social and political thorns, it was a day of unbridled romance, colour, and celebration, shared with half the globe. But the realities of the times were obliged to intrude discreetly with 4,000 policemen, many of them armed, lining the route, marksmen atop buildings, detectives mingling with the crowds, and two armed police sergeants disguised as footmen riding with the royal coaches.

But there were no unhappy incidents. Even the dismal English summer allowed itself a dry day of close, muggy heat, sunshine, and occasional cloud.

Nevertheless, recent attempts, real or imagined, on the lives of public figures, culminating in the firing of shots in the presence of the Queen at the start of the Trooping the Colour ceremony, have enforced the need for a degree of security uncharacteristic of great British public events.

The day was one of worry, and immense organization, for Sir David McNea, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner. Once the royal couple were safely out of his domain he revealed that the use of police sergeants as footmen had been an arrangement between his force and the Palace, not so much to add to an already weighty security apparatus, as to provide the Royal Family with a feeling of comfort.

But the day ended in relief. All missing persons were found, and in the City of London there was a single arrest, for street trading.

Crowds, drawn from many of the nations over which the British Throne holds titular sway as well as lost colonies such as the United States, had begun to camp along the two mile processional route on Monday, the most favoured vantage point being opposite the door of St Paul's. By yesterday morning every yard was packed by a red, white and blue multitude cheering everything that passed, be it a duchess or a dustcart.

From Buckingham Palace to Ludgate Hill, there processed representatives of eight of the nine monarchies remaining in mainland Europe, the King and Queen of Spain having declined their invitation over the issue of Gibraltar's being used as a honeymoon calling place. They were followed by the British Royal Family in strength, led by the Queen in aquamarine, and ending with the bridegroom in the full dress uniform of a naval commander.

But it was for the procession from Clarence House that the ultimate accolade was reserved. Lady Diana, riding in the Glass Coach, sat almost hidden in her spectacular wedding creation of ivory taffeta and old lace.

Only when she stepped from the coach on the arm of her father at the cathedral steps was its true magnificence revealed: a wildly romantic gown with 25ft of train that cascaded like a river behind her down the steps of St Paul's.

Her composure entirely regained after the strain of recent days, she walked the endless three-and-a-half-minute aisle on Lord Spencer's arm to the triumphant strains of Jeremiah Clarke's "Trumpet Voluntary", heralding a service alive with joyful music. It was a long journey, she joined her groom less than one minute late.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, performed the ceremony of marriage, assisted by clergymen of many denominations, including, for the first time at a royal wedding since the Reformation, a Roman Catholic, Cardinal Hume, Archbishop of Westminster.

At the moment of Cardinal Hume's participation, independent television lost its precious picture from the cathedral for two minutes because of a power failure, but the BBC cameras caught every moment without fail. Outside, the crowd was still as the loudspeakers conveyed the couple's responses.

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## A grand act in the theatre of kingship

By Philip Howard

In the familiar Reformation words, with which millions of English men and women have wed for more than three centuries, the Prince of Wales was married to Lady Diana Spencer. It was a grand act in the theatre of kingship: one of the last great ceremonies of the British monarchy this century. It was a colossal media spectacular, watched and wondered over by hundreds of millions at the round earth's imagined corners.

In a mysterious way it was a rite of passage also for the British nation, which still measure their calendrical progress by such royal landmarks: another step in the music of time by which the English monarchy has personified English history and made it human for more than a thousand years.

And it was a very grand English upper-class wedding, with a very English young man and a very English young woman nervously making their awesome old promises, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health.

They got married in the morning: on royal time. Bells chimed, as they are supposed to. And she was—yes, indeed she was—a fair lady. Even St Paul would have agreed that there was more to be said for marriage than that it is preferable to burning. And Sir Christopher would have come back to build his great dome as a stage, rising like a bubble over London, if it had not already been there.

The rosy morn had long since left. Tithus, bed, when the doors of St Paul's were opened on the stroke of nine. There were long, slow queues to get in, as early arrivals were filtered through a close search of bags and bodies. Inside, the great grey and gold ecclesiastical beehive buzzed with a national family wedding. Friends gossiped, enemies kissed one another effusively, and public faces were on view. Families sized each other up. Impossibly thin old gentlemen in spectacular uniforms and impossibly fat old ladies in unsuitable colours cried out for the pens of Gillray and Rowlandson.

Lady Diana's flatmates in various blues were in the front row; Lady Spencer was in the fourth; and Lord Snowdon back in the tenth. Small boys in new suits fidgeted in the front row, and were kept in order by their big sisters.

The cathedral was prismatic with millinery, including such exotic headgear as that worn by Crown Prince Hassan of Jordan. Those pillars in the nave not decorated with Prince of Wales

feathers sprouted more television crews than John Logie Baird dreamed of. The crimson of Cardinal Hume clashed with the scarlet of the Yeomen of the Guard and the Gentlemen at Arms. Heads of state and first ladies took their places. Nancy Reagan in cheerful salmon-pink, Mitterrand in unfrivolous subfusc, Mrs Thatcher in true-blue pillbox hat, the King of Tonga in his personal reinforced chair (and one saw why).

The ecclesiastical procession was a stately test for an insider's commentary on the Aisles of Power: all those influential former deans of Windsor who have advised on the Prince of Wales's education, the Speaker, who accompanied the Prince in his carriage to his investiture, the disappointed Dean of Westminister playing away from home.

It was a nice touch that the Military Knights at Windsor, those surrogates who go in church in St George's Chapel on behalf of the idle Knights of the Garter every Sunday, had been included in the ceremonial.

The junior members of the Royal Family who have been divorced brought their second wives for the first time to such a royal occasion. The procession, erroneously described as Foreign-Crowned Heads (few of them have been crowned) made its progress in order of precedence depending on the length of their reigns. Princess Grace of Monaco (not a proper queen) led the way with her tall son, the Hereditary Prince: the King and the Queen of the Belgians, and the King of Norway, Edward VII's last grandson, brought up the rear, flanked by his Crown Prince and Princess.

At length they all to merry London came, and the Lord Mayor bearing the Pearl Sword, and waving his right to meet the monarch at Temple Bar, received the Queen at the steps of St Paul's. For the first time the cheering could be heard inside. To which the people standing at about, as in approbation did the rosy morn.

The Queen's procession was led by the Ogilvy children, followed by the senior royals in ascending order of precedence: Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester, 80 this year; Princess Margaret in a colour officially described as azalea/peach with turban; Princess Anne with sharp small yellow silk cap tilted over her right eye. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who has usually been escorted to such occasions by the Prince of Wales, was in sea green, with one of those fluffy powder-puffs she likes on her head. The Queen was in aquamarine and a grave expression.

Behind her came the great-

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A kiss on the balcony to mark their supreme happiness.

## Fugitive Bani-Sadr escapes to France

By Our Foreign Staff

Mr Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, deposed President of Iran and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, slipped quietly to freedom in France yesterday. He has lived in hiding in Iran since he was deposed.

The French authorities granted him political asylum—the third major figure from Iran to seek refuge in France—despite an official demand from Tehran that he be extradited.

The former leader landed secretly at a military air base west of Paris at 4.30 am in a Boeing 707 of the Iranian Armed Forces. Officials in Tehran claimed the aircraft had been hijacked. Fighters failed to intercept it.

It was captured by Colonel Behzad Mozer, described by Tehran radio as the late Shah's private pilot.

The radio, monitored by Reuters in London, said the deposed leader was accompanied by his Prime Minister Mousoud Rajavi, leader of the radical mujahedin organization which helped Mr Bani-Sadr to remain in hiding in Iran.

Al Claude Cheysson, the French Foreign Minister, emphasized that Mr Bani-Sadr was free to stay in France provided he made no political statements in contravention of

an undertaking he had given that morning.

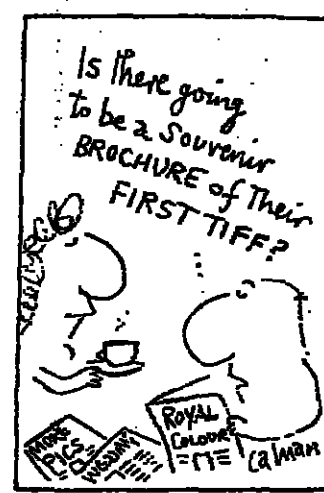
In the afternoon a press conference was cancelled at the last moment at which details of the escape were expected to be released.

Mr Bani-Sadr will not be welcomed by some other Iranian refugees in France. A member of the staff of Mr Shapur Bakhtiari, the former Iranian Prime Minister now also living in exile outside Paris, accused Mr Bani-Sadr of appointing Ayatollah Khomeini as head of the Islamic tribunals and until the day of his overthrow of committing all the crimes committed by the present regime.

In a telephone interview with The Times Mr Bani-Sadr said soon after his arrival in Paris yesterday: "I still believe myself to be duty bound to the cause of the Islamic revolution of Iran to its original aims at the start of the revolution."

"Mr Khomeini promised me personally many times... to respect the right of the people of Iran to democratic liberties... Quite the reverse has been achieved... The last after power stopped our progress towards achieving our goals."

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## Iran earthquake death toll may be thousands

An earthquake in south-east Iran killed more than 700 people, injured 440 and destroyed several villages. Six weeks ago a tremor in the same area killed 1,000 people. In the latest earthquake, 90 per cent of the houses in some villages were destroyed. The tremor blocked mountain roads, so rescue teams were flown in by helicopters. The governor of Kerman province said the death toll may rise to between 3,000 and 4,000. About half the affected area was lying under rubble. Many people spent the night in the open after the destruction of their homes. Ayatollah Khomeini decreed three days' mourning in the province.

## Lebanon dogfight threatens truce

The precarious five-day ceasefire in the Middle East suffered its most severe setback when Israeli fighters shot down a Syrian jet which allegedly tried to intercept a reconnaissance patrol flying over Lebanon. The dogfight highlighted one of the most sensitive sections of the truce negotiated last week by Mr Philip Habib, America's special envoy.

The Syrians were not directly involved in the truce negotiations.

## 'Mistake' over art purchase

An art expert's view that the National Gallery is mistaken in attributing a recently acquired painting to Jean Baptist Weenix has attracted support.

"A courtyard with two figures" is the work of the seventeenth century Dutch artist's son, Mr Stephen Reiss has written to The Times.

Mr Christopher Brown, who has charge of the gallery's Dutch paintings, commented: "We believe it to be by the father, but if it were by the son it would not affect our reason for purchasing a fine example of Italianate Dutch painting."

## Police driver sought after Toxteth riot death

The identity of a police driver involved in a hit and run fatality during rioting in Toxteth, Liverpool, on Tuesday night is being sought through an inquiry ordered by Mr Kenneth Oxford, Chief Constable of Merseyside.

It is understood that an assistant chief constable from Northumbria will lead the immediate investigation of the incident, which led to the death in hospital yesterday of a crippled man.

The victim, Mr David Moore, aged 22, was the first person to die in the present spate of urban rioting in Britain. His mother said he was returning from a visit to his sister in Toxteth and she could not believe he was involved in the troubles.

Tuesday night's disturbances were the worst in Toxteth since four weeks ago and police vehicles made repeated charges to disperse rioters. Mr Oxford defended the tactics as being preferable to the use of CS gas.

There is considerable criticism of Mr Oxford and demands for his resignation or dismissal are increasing. Law and order on Merseyside is becoming a political issue.

## Silkin backed for deputy post

Deputy Labour Party have nominated Mr John Silkin, their sitting MP for the deputy leadership of the Labour Party. Mr Silkin received 28 votes compared with 20 for Mr Wedgwood Benn, at a special meeting of the constituency party's general committee.

No nominations were received for Mr Denis Healey. The nominations for Mr Silkin and Mr Benn came exclusively from ward branches in the constituency. Mr Benn received five nominations to Mr Silkin's one. Party officials said after the meeting that the vote was unlikely to have been affected by the absence of about 20 qualified delegates to the meeting.

## Protests spread through Poland

Serious protests are spreading throughout Poland as the country's food crisis worsens. Officials of the Solidarity trade union were meeting in Warsaw to discuss how to deal with a flood of demands from workers in all parts of Poland for action to counter widespread food shortages, price rise proposals

and the fast-deteriorating general economic situation. The Polish cabinet has issued a statement saying that the situation is "dangerous". Two wildcat strikes in Warsaw were defused by Solidarity officials, but more strikes, rallies, hunger marches and other demonstrations are planned for later this week and next week in many centres.

## Injuries bring Test changes

Dilley and Lawson will miss the fourth Test match beginning at Edgbaston today because of injury. They are replaced by Old and Hogg in the England and Australian sides respectively. With three more Tests to be played, the score stands at 1-1 with one draw. Page 15

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## Warwickshire coal boost

Warwickshire could become one of the most profitable and productive coal areas in Britain under a proposal that will be submitted soon to the National Coal Board. An application for planning permission is expected to be filed early next year. The field covers 108 square miles of countryside between Coventry and Leamington Spa and possesses at least 400 million tonnes of recoverable coal, compared with 550 million tonnes in the Vale of Belvoir.

A study into the coalfield is almost complete.

However, like Belvoir, the Warwickshire proposal has already run into objections from conservationists. Two pits, among the most profitable in the country, are mining 1.8 million tonnes a year from the field, and the proposal would be to expand the capacity of these to 3.1 million tonnes a year. A public inquiry would be necessary before the expansion can be made. Page 17

## Springbok baton charge by police

More than 30 people were injured in Wellington when New Zealand police baton charged a march on the South African Consulate by 2,000 opponents of the Springboks rugby tour.

Demonstrators earlier occupied the offices of the Wellington Rugby Union and scattered tickets for the second All Blacks-Springboks test match until tomorrow.

## Book serial

The extract from Jack Fingleton's book *Battling from Memory* has been held over until tomorrow.

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## Thousands stay to see the drive to Waterloo

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and the priest's pronouncement of them to be man and wife. A tidal wave of cheering was instantly loosed.

In a moment of privacy hidden from the television cameras' unblinking stare, the couple adjourned to sign the register, he writing "Charles P. bachelor, 32, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, of Buckingham Palace", and she "Diana Spencer, aged 20, spinster of Althorp".

Below their entries were appended the signatures of Robert Runcie, Elizabeth R. Philip, Edward, Andrew, Spencer, Frances Shand-Kydd, Anne, Ruth Ferooy, and Sarah Armstrong-Jones.

Man and wife, now Prince and Princess of Wales, returned down the aisle to Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*, emerging into the world to an explosion of affection. He held her hand, awkwardly; they smiled, still with a vestige of shyness.

Together, in the open 1902 state landau, they retraced the processional route, a broad swathe cut through a dense forest of flags and periscopes, scattered with rice and rose petals and watched from every window. Her veil aside, the Princess of Wales revealed the fresh English face, unencumbered with jewels, of a delighted girl of 20, her only adornment the simple Spencer family tiara.

The principals and their retainers safely within Buckingham Palace, the barriers came down and a great surge of people flooded the Mall from end to end to watch an event deeply engraved upon the British consciousness, the family on the balcony. They emerged at 1.10; Charles held Diana's hand and gave her what the audience wanted, a kiss.

The crowd yelled and cheered for more, and the couple came out again, and again, diminutive thumb-sucking pages and attendants huddling into the bride's skirts. A final appearance and a final roar was reserved for an old lady who stood on that balcony on her own wedding day in 1923. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who dabbed her eye more than once during the day.

## Panoply of state relaxed

While the couple retired from public view to join 120 family guests in roasts and a wedding breakfast the Prime Minister entertained the political figures, hereditary monarchs and elected presidents, to an informal lunch at the Bank of England.

Some of the crowds melted away into a London otherwise empty and on holiday. But countless thousands stayed, to see the Prince and Princess, he in a grey suit and she in a canteloupe, short-sleeved, two-piece outfit with matching hat, drive in the open landau from Buckingham Palace to Waterloo station to begin their honeymoon.

The panoply of state was by now relaxed: the landau jostled over Westminster Bridge trailing a clutch of silver balloons and a prominent "just married" sign, lest anyone should not yet know—the work of the Princes Andrew and Edward, who earlier in the day had jointly taken the role of first man and acted as their elder brother's "supporters".

They joined the train for the journey to Romsey, Hampshire, but not before the Princess had rewarded with a kiss the two men chiefly responsible for the clockwork efficiency of the day's events: the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Maclean, head of the Royal Household and mastermind of the entire ceremonial; and his deputy, Sir John Johnston.

A large station crowd swarmed over luggage trolleys and nattered stop kinks to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow" as the fellow and his wife embarked on their brief railway journey to Hampshire and peace. They were pulled, appropriately, by a locomotive named "Broadlands".

But peace eluded them a moment more. Romsey station, and the road to their final retreat, were lined with more cheering, running well-wishers. Only when they swept into the grounds of Broadlands did a public occasion end and a private life begin.

The couple will spend until Saturday at Broadlands. That they should begin their married life there is a decision of significance, as was the choice of "I Vow to thee my country" among the wedding hymns.

Both are, in their different ways, gestures of respect to the memory of the man the Prince would have wished to witness this wedding perhaps above all others outside his immediate family: Lord Mountbatten of Burma.

## Credits

The Times photographic team was Malcolm Clarke, Chris Gregory, Brian Harris, Harry Kerr, Robin Laurance, John Manning, Johnathan Player, Mike Sullivan, Peter Triesnor (colour front page picture), Keith Waldegrave, Bill Warhurst.



## An unworldly slip by the Prince, perhaps to comfort his bride

"Then the Archbishop, taking the ring, shall deliver it unto the Man to put it upon the fourth finger of the Woman's left hand. And the Man, holding the ring there, and taught by the Archbishop,

shall say: 'With this ring I thee wed; with my body I thee honour; and all my worldly goods with thee I share.'"

Repeating these words from the marriage ceremony after the Arch-

bishop, the Prince of Wales omitted "worldly". Some thought that he had done so on purpose, to comfort his bride for getting his names in the wrong order in her previous declaration of her troth. But in any

case it is understood that there was no significance in the omission.

The wedding ring was made by the Queen's goldsmith, Collingwood of Mayfair. It comes from a

nugget of Welsh gold given to the royal family more than 50 years ago by Mr Bartholomew, owner of the Clogen mine.

The same nugget will have to find a new source for her wedding ring.



This is the Princess of Wales's wedding dress sketched by its designers, David and Elizabeth Emmanuel. The body of the dress is made of ivory pure silk taffeta. The bodice has a frilled neckline with intricately embroidered lace panels at front and back. The full sleeves are gathered at the elbow above a lace petticoats of

ivory tulle and trimmed at waist and hem with embroidered lace. The sweeping train is trimmed and edged with sparkling lace. The dress and veil are hand-embroidered with tiny mother-of-pearl sequins and pearls. A tiny gold horseshoe studded with diamonds, crafted by Douglas Buchanan, was added for luck.

## Romance in cascades of silk

By Suzy Menkes  
Fashion Editor

The romantic ruffle that the Princess of Wales has made her fashion hallmark was the focal point of her fairy-tale wedding dress. A gentle flounce of ivory taffeta, overlaid with a second tier of pearl-encrusted lace, framed her sweet young face and long neck, which was entirely free of the state jewels that had been expected.

The impression given as she stepped from her glass coach, with a full skirt below a tiny waist and the shimmering train snaking behind her, was of freshness and romance.

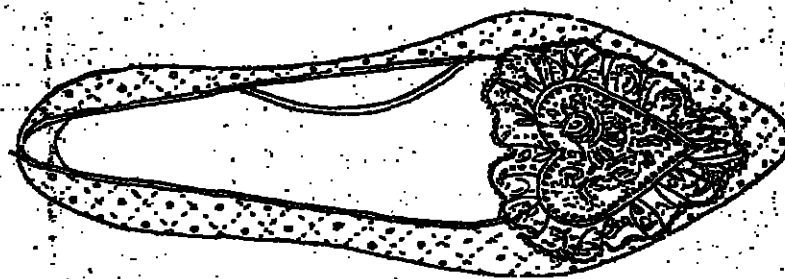
The same summer magic was seen in the bridesmaids' dresses, particularly in the flounced and scalloped calf-length frocks of the younger girls. With their garlands and baskets of meadow flowers, they could have been plucked from a Victorian child's scrapbook.

The golden Mountbatten roses—the same yellow echoed in the bridesmaids' sashes and in their flowers—was a poignant reminder of the much-loved member of the Royal Family missing from this happy occasion.

The Princess of Wales's dress was a triumph both in its overall conception and in its tiniest detail. David and Elizabeth Emanuel, the designers, managed to give the right sense of theatre and drama to a gown which we first glimpsed under a froth of veiling and then saw with its 25-ft train splashed dramatically across the blood-red carpet in the cathedral aisle.

The confetti shower of hand-embroidered mother-of-pearl sequins that spangled both the tulle veil and the antique lace panels of the dress threatened to outwinkle the rather simple Spencer family tiara that sat above the Princess's famous fringe.

The creamy lace panels, a flounce of Carrickmacross lace presented to the Royal School of



Wedding slipper in ivory silk, decorated with mother-of-pearl sequins

Needlework by Queen Mary) was dyed just a shade lighter than the ivory silk taffeta of the main dress, with its low neckline and central bow. This gave a pretty contrast of tone on the bodice and to the edge of the gathered sleeves, as the Princess laid her pale arms against her husband's naval uniform.

The bride's shoes barely peeped out from under the layers of ivory tulle of the puffball skirt, but they were intricately detailed. Nearly 150 pearls and over 500 sequins decorated the heart-shaped central motif of these silk Cinderella slippers.

The delicacy of detail and of colour were the most surprising notes in an occasion when fashion is always fairly predictable. Just as the Emanuels did not depart from their romantic last for the bridal dress, so the other members of the Royal Family were true to their own images.

The Queen's coat and dress, with its waterfall of pleated crepe de chine, was reminiscent of the outfit she wore for her Jubilee four years ago. But the pale aquamarine was in nice contrast to the Queen Mother's almond green, the familiar trembling osprey plumes around her face.

Behind these two gentle jewel colours, Princess Margaret sat chic in a deep azalea peach silk georgette dress with a double skirt. Princess Anne's cluster of golden yellow flowers perched on her brow was a rather unbalanced choice with her short bias-cut dress (which showed how quickly she has regained her figure after the birth of her daughter three months ago).

All the flowers of the field were represented in the colourful gathering at this summer wedding, with the bride's mother, Mrs Shand Kydd in the prettiest cornflower blue and Princess Alice and her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Gloucester, in periwinkle and hyacinth.



Victorian-style bridesmaid's dress—worn with circlet

The wedding umbrella, together with the pochette.





**DIFFERENCE AN HOUR MAKES.** Sixty-minutes ago she arrived at St Paul's as Lady Diana Spencer. Now she leaves as Princess of Wales with her husband, the Prince, in the 1902 state landau on a journey that starts with the drive back to Buckingham Palace.



**FAMILY CONFERENCE** The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh exchange a word or two before the wedding. From the second row of chairs at the foot of the choir steps Captain Mark Phillip and Princess Anne listen.



**WHO GIVETH THIS WOMAN?** The Archbishop takes the hand of Lady Diana from her father. The bridegroom is supported by his brothers, Prince Andrew and Prince Edward. Behind Lord Spencer stand his former wife and the bride's mother, Mrs Shand Kydd, her brother, Viscount Althorp and Ruth, Lady Fermoy.

## The awesome promises made at last

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aunt of the bride, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, in her other role as Mistress of the Robes to the Queen Mother.

The bridegroom processed in, surrounded on all sides by his supporters, brothers, private secretaries, and gentleman ushers, so that there was no hope of escape. He wore the full dress uniform of a naval commander, and looked relaxed for a man in his position, nodding cheerfully to right and left.

But the loudest cheer of the day and a fanfare greeted the bride, prepared by the Emanuels as a bride adorned for her husband in ivory silk taffeta and old lace. According to the heavy folders of heavily embargoed information, her veil was hand-embroidered with 10,000 tiny mother-of-pearl sequins, as they say in *Come Dancing*. Lo where she comes along with portly pace, on her father's arm, in her strong toil of grace, and with her train stretching 25ft down to the bridesmaids and pages.

Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones stepped demurely up to take her bouquet and arrange her train. Then let the roaring organ, on which Handel and Mendelssohn played, loudly play "Christ is made the sure Foundation".

The Archbishop of Canterbury married them, using the tremendous old words, and reminding us that the Prince of Wales is also called Philip Arthur George. Lady Diana, understandably flustered, took him as Philip Charles instead of Charles Philip, which some might consider an improvement. The Prince then left out "worldly", when undertaking to share all his worldly goods with her. Slips or not, they were man and wife, and Lady Diana had become Princess of Wales, third lady in the land, and had refreshed the Royal Family with Stuart blood from five illegitimate lines of descent from Charles II and James II.

George Thomas read the great nuptial lesson from Corinthians with Welsh lilt and melodrama.

The Archbishop of Canterbury told them that here was the stuff of which fairytales were made.

In the ecumenical prayers afterwards, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster had the most spiritual delivery, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland the most robust, and the Rev Harry Williams, the Prince's Dean at Trinity, the most intellectual. He also was the first to pray publicly for "Diana Princess of Wales", who has entered the liturgy.

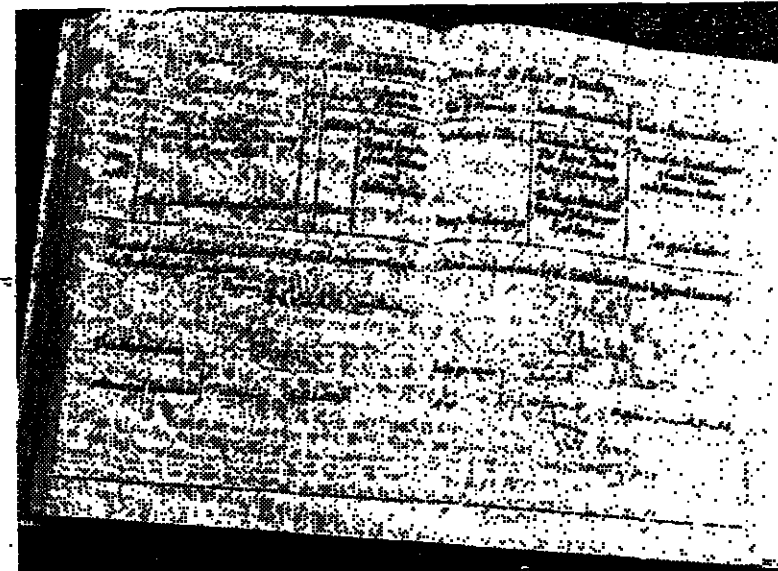
We all sang "I vow to thee, my country" to Holst's improbably best of hymn tunes, chosen by the Princess of Wales. The new setting of the National Anthem was rollicking, and the second verse sung without reference to the programme.

Mrs Shand Kydd, who looked strikingly elegant in hyacinth blue, took her former husband's arm with affection to lead him to the signing of the registers. From the north transept that bright seraph, Kiri te Kanawa, filled the great dome with celestial concerts in harmony with the orchestra and massed choirs. The Queen managed a fleeting smile when her new daughter-in-law curtsied to her. In a democratic innovation the Royal Family processed back side by side with the Spencers; at previous royal weddings the royals have always led, followed by their new in-laws.

Yeomen of the Guard tapped their feet to *Pomp and Circumstance*, and you could see the eager young boy buried under each perspiring old face. Now all is done, bring home the bride again, bring home the triumph of our victory. Tell me, ye merchant daughters, did ye see so fair a creature in your town before?

And as they drove away to a future, which they symbolize for all of us, and which yesterday for once looked golden, the air broke into a mist of bells.

When she said "I will" we could hear the crowd outside, listening to a relay of the service, roar like a giant in approbation.



**HISTORIC ENTRY:** The official entry in the St Paul's marriage register bearing some of the most distinguished signatures in the land. Royal witnesses are the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Prince Andrew and

Prince Edward, Princess Anne and Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones. The Princess of Wales's parents, Earl Spencer and Mrs Shand Kydd are also among the signatories, and so is her grandmother, Ruth, Lady Fermoy.

### Archbishop's address

## 'A fairy tale beginning'

Following is the text of the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, at St Paul's Cathedral.

Here is the stuff of which fairy tales are made: the Prince and Princess on their wedding day. But fairy tales usually end at this point with the simple phrase: "They lived happily ever after". This may be because fairy stories regard marriage as an anti-climax after the romance of courtship.

This is not the Christian view. Our faith sees the wedding day not as the place of arrival but the place where the adventure really begins.

There is an ancient Christian tradition that every bride and groom on their wedding day are regarded as a royal couple. To this day in the marriage ceremonies of the Eastern Orthodox Church crowns are held over the man and woman to express the conviction that as husband and wife they are Kings and Queens of Creation.

As it says of human-kind in the Bible: "Thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the work of thy hands."

On a wedding day it is made clear that God does not intend us to be puppets but chooses to work through us, and especially through our marriages, to create the future of His world.

Marriage is first of all a new creation for the partners themselves. As husband and wife live out their vows, loving and cherishing one another, sharing life's splendours and miseries, achievements and setbacks, they will be transformed in the process. A good marriage is a life, as the poet Edwin Muir says: "Where each asks from each What each most wants to give."

And each awakes in each What else would never be. But any marriage which is turned in upon itself, in which

the bride and groom simply gaze obsessively at one another goes sour after a time.

A marriage which really works is one which works for others. Marriage has both a private face and a public importance. If we solved all our economic problems and failed to build loving families, it would profit us nothing, because the family is the place where the future is created good and full of love—or deformed.

Those who are married live happily ever after the wedding day if they persevere in the real adventure which is the royal task of creating each other and creating a more loving world.

That is true of every man and woman undertaking marriage. It must be specially true of this marriage in which are placed so many hopes.

Much of the world is in the grip of hopelessness. Many people seem to have surrendered to fatalism about the so-called inevitability of life: cruelty, injustice, poverty, bigotry and war. Some have accepted a cynical view of marriage itself.

But all couples on their wedding day are "Royal Couples" and stand for the truth that we help to shape this world, and are not just its victims. All of us are given the power to make the future more in God's image and to be "kings and queens" of love.

This is our prayer for Charles and Diana. May the burdens we lay on them be matched by the love with which we support them in the years to come. And however long they live may they always know that when they pledged themselves to each other before the altar of God they were surrounded and supported not by mere spectators but by the sincere affection and the active prayer of millions of friends. Thanks be to God.



How London and the rest of Britain celebrated; security along the route; Our Man on the pavement; a familiar scene in Ireland

# A million cheers for the red, white and blue

By Robin Young, Hugh Noyes, David Nicholson-Lord, John Witherow, Frances Gibb and Ian Bradley

Riotous behaviour gripped the heart of London yesterday. More than a million jubilant demonstrators took to the streets, confronting nearly 4,000 police, reinforced by thousands of servicemen, and keeping hundreds of ambulances at full stretch. All along the procession route the royal wedding proved a riot of colour, good humour and fun. Many had been waiting more than 48 hours for the processions to pass. By 8 a.m. crowds in Trafalgar Square and the Mall were so thick it was almost impossible to move. The crowds were ready to cheer anything that went along the procession route — police, camera crews, duncans, and brush and shovel street sweepers, some wearing immaculate white jackets and red carnations.

The national colours of red, white and blue were everywhere, in every shape and form. From knickers to ice cream. Some of the younger patriots had the Union Jack painted across their face and hair. In Trafalgar Square a man clad entirely in union colours had a vintage point from 7ft 5in. Assorted pairs of red, white and blue underpants were to be seen in the fountains, while near Buckingham Palace people used the mount around Queen Victoria's statue to chill champagne.

Every article providing an extra inch of height, from milk crates to park benches and step ladders, was commandeered for a better view. People balanced precariously on window sills. The price of cardboard periscopes, in candy colours, doubled in an hour.

In the carnival atmosphere, the crowds sang "Rule Britannia" and medleys of cockney songs, played by street musicians. Mock wedding ceremonies and engaged in sessions of country dancing. At the hands of the Welsh and Irish Guards played "Congratulations" to thousands of the plastic Union Jacks heaved in the air time to time.

The roar which greeted the arrival of the processions was rapturous. The crowd sang "God Save the Queen" exuberantly as the Queen left Buckingham Palace, but the loudest cheers were reserved for Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, in the second coach with Prince Edward.

As Lady Diana's coach passed through the Strand 1,000 pigeons were released from the upper windows of the Strand Palace. They got a better view than many campers who had waited all night and for whom there was little more than a glimpse of the coaches as they passed, but cheers echoed tumultuously all along the route, lined with a sea of flags, balloons and Union Jack hats.

All who saw her agreed that Lady Diana looked spectacular in her romantic wedding gown of silk tulle, fringing with frills and flounces. She looked ecstatic, smiling constantly, as she responded to the huge cheers of the crowds. But only those around the steps of St Paul's saw the full detail of the magnificent gown, as the bridesmaids spread the 25ft train for Lady Diana to climb the steps.

The policemen lining the route were supposed to be watchfully facing the crowds, but few could resist backward glances over their shoulders as the coaches passed. Many of the crowd listened to radios or followed the progress of the procession and service on portable television sets. All along the route, the watchers joined in the hymns from the cathedral which were relayed on loudspeakers.

Champagne corks popped and cheers rang out as the couple made their vows. At Buckingham Palace a youthful section of the crowd instantly changed their chant from "Lady Di, Lady Di" to "Princess Di, Princess Di".

On the return route the cheering and waving was even more frantic. As the Prince and Princess of Wales passed Aldwych as a brisk rate they were surprised to be showered with rice, while in the Strand well-wishers in high windows threw rose petals in their path.

For the crowds outside the Palace the culmination was the appearance of the newlyweds on the balcony.

A rapturous crowd swept from the Palace gates down the length of the Mall. The couple seemed taken aback by the thousands of Union Jacks waving below, but then Prince Charles took his wife's hand and gave it a brief kiss. That simple gesture was greeted with a cheer more resounding than any that had gone before.

Police had allowed tens of thousands of people up the Mall shortly before the balcony appearances. Many came to the gates of the Palace; others clambered waist deep through the mass surrounding the Queen Victoria memorial to get a better view. One youth, dressed in tails and carrying a Harrods bag, climbed high on a statue before being ordered down by police. Americans in the crowd assured their neighbours that their country had never seen anything like this.

Back in Fleet Street, leading the revellers were two sisters from Thirsk in Yorkshire, who had been there since 2.30 on Monday afternoon. Miss Dorcas Clark said: "I'm happy with singing, dancing, laughing and eating." Her sister Margaret said: "If I had known it would be as good as this, I would sit

on a pavement every time I went on holiday". Meanwhile in Buckingham Palace, 120 guests sat down to a wedding breakfast of brill in lobster sauce, chicken breasts stuffed with lamb mousse, and strawberries with Cornish cream.

Many thousands were still waiting outside the Palace at about 4.20 pm when the couple left for Westminster Station, accompanied by a troop of the Household Cavalry. Princes Andrew and Edward had attached about a dozen large silver and blue balloons decorated with the Prince of Wales's feathers to the couple's open coach, and tied on the back a large cardboard "Just Married" sign on which two hearts pierced with arrows had been drawn, apparently in lipstick.

The joke, more traditional among commoners than princes, aptly captured the jollity of the day.

## A whole nation of TV viewers

By Ronald Kershaw, Arthur Osman, John Young, and Martin Huckerby

As the capital went noisily wild around the wedding processions yesterday, the rest of Britain appeared to go into purdah, with the streets deserted as the population sat camped in front of television sets.

Once the wedding ceremony was completed, however, the scene changed. Hundreds of thousands of people celebrated at street parties in cities, towns, and villages. No comprehensive figures were available for the number of street parties, but in Wales alone about 1,500 were planned and in the West Midlands about 1,000 parties were filling the streets.

In many places private celebrations were preferred, but at Tynemouth, Tyne and Wear, a harbour spectacular, complete with commandos storming the cliffs, was mounted yesterday evening. At Caernarvon Castle, in Wales, the scene of the Prince of Wales's investiture in 1969, visitors were offered a bumper view of the wedding with what was described as the largest portable colour television screen in the world, 48 square metres of it, incorporating 26,000 cathode ray tubes.

Another example of civic festivity was provided by Harrogate, where the Great Yorkshire showground was used to stage medieval jousting, motor cycle stunts, and a fireworks display.

Particular efforts were made by the communities near the royal couple's future home at Highgrove House, Gloucestershire. After starting the day with a marathon ball-ringing session at St Mary's church, near Highgrove, local people celebrated with children's parties, barbecues, sports, and a rock concert.

There were a few functions with aims clearly contrary to royal celebrations, but the numbers involved appeared to be relatively small. A march in Leeds to support the hunger strikers in Northern Ireland drew about 250 people, but about 1,000 had been expected.

From Newcastle-upon-Tyne a coachload of people set out to celebrate the wedding in Teesdale in several places. The royal wedding did not reach, while the organizer of a coach trip round the Lake District, on which every passenger received an "I have Prince Charles" shirt, said the demand was such that he thought he could have filled two more coaches.

In Upper Parliament Street, Totterth, Liverpool, there was little to celebrate as gangs of workmen did their best to

remove the debris of another night's rioting. Steel and concrete lamp standards lay across the pavements and police watched impassively as the burnt-out wrecks of cars and vans were loaded on to trailers. Yet only a short distance away people were singing and dancing at street parties amid arrays of flags and bunting. At one party, in Arundel Street, residents said they were determined to show that Liverpool was not as bad a place as reports suggested and that it was celebrating the wedding like everywhere else.

In Birmingham, the police summed up the peaceable nature of the day when they said: "Things are so cheerful and well behaved that we have not had one item to note all day".

Apart from those providing basic services, few people were working. One was Mr Harry Crapper, a union shop steward who was the only man at work in Sheffield Town Hall. "I don't agree with all this junking", he said.

Some organizations stayed in action for purely economic reasons: at South Croft, Cornwall, tin miners worked as usual because the mine was losing money and could not afford to lose a day's output; the miners received commemorative medals for their efforts.

In the Outer Hebrides, the fishermen brought in the first herring from the Minch since the EEC decision to lift the British ban that has been in existence since 1977: four boats landed 299 tons of herring.

Generally, though, Britons devoted themselves to the pleasures of a day of celebration, complete with those eccentric touches which no royal event can be without: at Ilkley, West Yorkshire, people ate sausages dyed red, white and blue, and at Horncastle, Lancashire, a housewife named two newly born kittens Prince Charles and Lady Di.

## Armed police on carriages

By Stewart Tandler and Peter Evans

Thousands of London policemen were on duty yesterday for the royal wedding in what is thought to have been the largest security operation ever in London. Estimates of the numbers of policemen on duty at any one time ranged between 6,000 and 11,000 for the exercise which ran from Tuesday morning to last night.

Armed officers were in the cordons of 4,000 policemen positioned along the two-mile wedding route through central London, marksmen were stationed on vantage points above, a large Special Branch contingent guarded the procession of the foreign heads of state and policemen disguised as footmen guarded the Royal Family.

From 7 a.m. the route was continuously surveyed by a police helicopter which sent back television pictures to Scotland Yard. Twelve cameras linked to nine television screens in Scotland Yard's special operations room gave complete coverage of the route and the ability to focus on individuals and record them on video. On the ground, teams of detectives, four and five strong, took up position behind the growing crowd, and were linked to the police radio network by earphones.

Scotland Yard confirmed that two officers disguised as footmen rode with the royal coaches. Both the officers, trained in diplomatic protection, had guns and radios under their ceremonial dress. One was with the Queen's coach



At last, Diana, some privacy

and the other with Prince Charles. There were few visible security alarms. A man who tried to stand on a kitchen stool brought from his home was told politely but forcefully to leave it against the wall. In Aldwych an explosives expert was called to check a motorbike left in a parking area which had been converted for spectators and the press. Nothing was found and the motorbike was left where it was.

Several hundred feet above, police observers, one with a rifle over his shoulder, watched the route and other high points with binoculars. Detectives on the ground watched the area and signalled back reports.

As the procession to St Paul's began, a line of observers could be seen on top of buildings along the route. Protective measures for foreign heads of state were clearly overt. Apart from motorcycle outriders, all were escorted by cars of Special Branch men. Special contingents escorted the Turkish and American cars.

Mrs Nancy Reagan, the American President's wife, travelled in a huge American limousine. She was preceded by a normal police car full of detectives and bodyguards. The signs of any weapons were few, but one uniformed member of the cordons at Aldwych could be seen carrying a holster in a revoltingly beneath his tunic jacket, and others on duty along the route were visibly armed.

In the event the day's processions in London turned out to be remarkably free from serious incident. At 6 a.m. after the previous night's fireworks, more than 100 children had been listed as lost, but by 3.30 pm all had been reunited with their families. The 10 people reported missing included a woman aged 70 who was later

found. Of the 109 people taken to hospital on Tuesday night and yesterday with minor injuries, 10 were still in hospital by late afternoon. Scotland Yard reported at 4.30 pm only 24 crimes during Tuesday night's fireworks display and on the route yesterday — 23 of thefts and one of indecent assault. There were 15 arrests, 14 of them on Tuesday and one yesterday for pickpocketing.

The inspiration for the wedding party came from Mr Lloyd Coxson, one of the most celebrated Rastafarians in Brixton, who owns a record shop and whose arrest earlier this month led to a night of rioting. He told *The Times* that black people respected the Prince of Wales because he cared about them and had opened the Moonshot Club in Lewisham this year.

People like him being married to Lady Diana, he said, "That is why we are holding a peace dance so that we get the community back together and generate some spirit".

Elsewhere in the capital, too, people celebrated the royal wedding yesterday in their customary fashion with street parties, knees-ups, and many a glass of what they fancied. The prevailing mood was a mixture of good humour and affection for the Prince and Princess, described by one old lady as the happy couple. "It makes you feel good just to see them together," she added. "God bless them." The benediction was repeated with many loyal toasts, and in Millman Street, Holborn, wine glasses as well as beer mugs were raised.

Millman Street looked handsome, as well as jolly, with its reformed Georgian houses and stuccoed balconies. Mrs Reginald Farway, who had invited 150 children, a few of them from the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street near by, said: "I was a bit of a forgetter to have, sipped a large gin and lemonade and said that Prince Charles was a real beauty. A real pick-me-up for a depression."

In Watts Street, Wapping, where there was a number of black and brown children, a photographer asked a dockie if there had been any racial trouble. "No, mate, it's Wapping, ain't it. We all stick together down here."

Children watched a Punch and Judy show on a small patch of grass until they were called to the long table which stretched from the Three Swedish Crowns and Old Star public houses was covered with immense plates of cold roast beef, turkey, ham, and sausage rolls. A large wedding cake, with the inscription "Good luck to Charles and Diana", was proudly placed in the middle.

By 3 o'clock everyone was familiar with the faces on the front line and the appearance of a stranger simply trying to infiltrate our exclusive ranks triggered a barrage of castles that usually sent the intruder packing. Particularly indignant were those who had been guarding a patch of pavement for three days. The thought of anyone slipping in without first suffering a bruising couch for a night or two prompted a cheerful but firm removal if the wailing was not like sardines.

Fast in the morning, twilight hour of the vigil, was a depressing time, marked by the appearance of a dog with its nose pressed against the glass, one ideal about what should be done on pavements and by a thin film of spit over my hair and clothes. My neighbour was singing "Jerusalem" and a young man who had been the revellers' and workers' had begun laying a handsome stretch of red carpet down the cathedral steps.

Another mocking version of "Viva España" indicated our pavement community's clear objection to King Juan Carlos's refusal to attend the wedding. At first light everyone climbed achingly to their feet and pushed towards the barriers, where we grouped like sardines in a tight-knit line.

Periscopes in patriotic colours bristled from the crowd and traders selling Union Jacks did brisk business. "I was a flag. If you don't want to wave it, stick it in your Christmas pudding," the salesman instructed as he collected £1 from a puzzled customer.

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Unfortunately, a man in front of me chose that moment to place his son on his shoulders, presenting a view of a dusty trouser seat. Thank goodness for the television relay.

Why am I here? The royal wedding watched on the next slab of pavement outside St Paul's cathedral considered my question. That untidy stone might have been fine for fakirs but was no easy resting place for the 10,000 or more royalists sprawled on the numbing ground, enduring the long wait before the Royal Family rolled up in their well sprung coaches to the wedding.

Why am I here? I have a perfectly comfortable bed at home and a colour television in good order. I could watch it all with a helpful commentary instead of coming here and probably waving my flag at the back of somebody's head. It must be the atmosphere. You can really sense the excitement, my neighbour said.

By 10 pm on Tuesday the crowd was in noisy, carnival mood, singing and cheering everything that moved with any helpful purpose, from the council duncaster to the silver airship that portered over the cathedral.

At 11 o'clock warmth still lingered in the ground from a heavy afternoon as darkness fell and the tall columns at the west end of St Paul's glowed beneath floodlights. I began to covet the fold-up bed with its outrageous floral pattern and the sleeping bag a man near by had produced. He was enjoying a comfortable night's sleep.

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Why am I here? The royal wedding watched on the next slab of pavement outside St Paul's cathedral considered my question. That untidy stone might have been fine for fakirs but was no easy resting place for the 10,000 or more royalists sprawled on the numbing ground, enduring the long wait before the Royal Family rolled up in their well sprung coaches to the wedding.

Why am I here? I have a perfectly comfortable bed at home and a colour television in good order. I could watch it all with a helpful commentary instead of coming here and probably waving my flag at the back of somebody's head. It must be the atmosphere. You can really sense the excitement, my neighbour said.

By 10 pm on Tuesday the crowd was in noisy, carnival mood, singing and cheering everything that moved with any helpful purpose, from the council duncaster to the silver airship that portered over the cathedral.

At 11 o'clock warmth still lingered in the ground from a heavy afternoon as darkness fell and the tall columns at the west end of St Paul's glowed beneath floodlights. I began to covet the fold-up bed with its outrageous floral pattern and the sleeping bag a man near by had produced. He was enjoying a comfortable night's sleep.

Next to him, as midnight struck, a woman was busily frying bacon and eggs. The mellow chime of St Paul's mingled with the urgent jangle of a burglar alarm in a shop. For me it was too noisy to sleep in that tightly-packed front line.

The wine and liquor flowed, people started to sing. "I'm getting married in the morning" was popular and, more patriotically, "Jerusalem". Three performances of that were going on simultaneously at one point.

My neighbour woke me at 2 a.m. A heel of my shoe was sticking in his kidneys and we were both as stiff as the ground we were lying on. It was chilly and I watched him wrap himself in a copy of *The Times*, which he said was a fine insulator.

By 3 o'clock everyone was familiar with the faces on the front line and the appearance of a stranger simply trying to infiltrate our exclusive ranks triggered a barrage of castles that usually sent the intruder packing. Particularly indignant were those who had been guarding a patch of pavement for three days. The thought of anyone



Royal Wedding



THE BRIDE RETURNS. Her beautiful dress shows to full effect as the Princess of Wales returns to Buckingham Palace with her husband.



GOING AWAY. The other outfit every woman was curious to see. The Princess at Waterloo Station in a soft and pretty summery dress and jacket in canteloupe silk. There is, of course, the characteristic frill of white organza at the neckline. The outfit was made by Belville Sassoon of Belgravia, who designed that of the bride's mother, Mrs Shand-Kydd.

Foreign reaction

# How the world switched on to celebrate as well

By Dan van der Vat

The response abroad to the royal wedding, brought within viewing range by satellites to a good half of the population of the planet, was predictably mixed yesterday.

In the Commonwealth, Australia was offered saturation television coverage, more than enough to appease the royalists and to provoke the republicans. The country's best-known novelist, Patrick White, described the wedding as "a kind of rosy women's weekly romance to lull the more soft-centred among us and distract us from reality". Dame Edna Everage, alias Barry Humphries, the actor, wrote some commemorative doggerel which included the line: "Charles' Di is cast, his crown is jewelled with love."

The inhabitants of the small New South Wales town of Goodooga, recently voted the most boring in the country, took part in a wedding song contest where all entries had to be sung to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda".

The streets of Gibraltar were virtually deserted as most of the 30,000 inhabitants watched television and conserved their energies to see off the royal couple at the weekend. Their Mediterranean honeymoon cruise is due to start from there on the royal yacht Britannia, a fact which led King Juan Carlos of Spain to decline his wedding invitation.

In New Zealand the television transmissions came overnight at local time and offered a generally welcome distraction from the controversy over the South African rugby tour. The Wellington Parliament rose early to enable members to watch.

The British Army of the Rhine was given the day off at its bases in northern West Germany, so that soldiers and their families could watch the wedding on television. Many spontaneous street parties were organized.

In Switzerland, television stations were assailed by angry telephone callers after a Geneva pirate radio transmitter blotted out the television sound and caused the pictures of the wedding to deteriorate.

In addition to political comments on the Maze hunger strikers, riots in Liverpool and hunger in the Third World, there was a fake description of a violent incident outside St Paul's.

In the EEC, France experienced a flood of newspapers with curious headlines in English. The daily *Parisien Libéré* carried the banner headline, Love story, and the evening *France-Soir* had the main headline, Good Luck Charles Lady Di. The iconoclastic left-wing paper *Liberation*, however, offered the headline The latest film of Buckingham incorporated over a photographic montage of a topless Lady Diana being fondled by Prince Charles.

In Greece newspapers continued to attack Britain for inviting former King Constantine of Greece deposed in 1974. President Konstantin Karamanlis declined to attend the wedding at the last minute on health grounds. There was no live radio or television coverage.

The press in West Germany continued to give enormous space to the wedding, in many cases contrasting it with Britain's problems in the inner cities, Northern Ireland and with unemployment.

Millions of West German citizens watched the four-hour television relay of the wedding. Frau Eva Rath, leader of the tiny West German women's party, injected a dissenting note by dismissing the wedding as Roman-style bread and circuses "to keep people's minds off other things".

Elsewhere in the world, while the Chinese all but ignored the event, a newspaper in neighbouring Indonesia called the wedding "the greatest show on earth".

The state radio in Iran reported that the royal couple married "at the expense of the poor English people" against a background of street violence and economic collapse.

Television broadcasts lasting four hours drove most things off the screens in Japan, where millions stayed up to watch transmissions from London. A bank official watching through a shop window said: "They tell us the British economy is declining. Well, if it is, the British certainly know how to go down in style."

In Spain official sourness over Gibraltar's role in the honeymoon cruise was offset by wide press coverage, while the state-run television network carried long relays of the ceremony and processions. Thousands of British holidaymakers celebrated the day ostentatiously without any sign of ill-will on the part of Spanish citizens.

In Thailand, a well-known fortune-teller was quoted as predicting that Prince Charles was unlikely to take a mistress, though women would continue to chase him.

In the United States, saturation coverage began at dawn American time, with all three national television networks giving hours to the proceedings and events in London. The British Ambassador in Washington, Sir Nicholas Henderson, was host at a wedding breakfast for prominent Americans and diplomats. Outside, protesters paraded a placard which said: "Irish starve while you feast".

In the Soviet Union, the media showed more interest in renewed rioting in Liverpool. Soviet television gave about one minute to the wedding preparations.

From the Vatican City, the Pope sent a message of congratulation from his hospital room. "I pray that almighty God will bestow upon both of you His richest blessings of peace and joy in many happy years of Christian married life and in the high service to which you have been called."



FLATMATES. Girls who shared with Diana... Virginia Pitman, Caroline Pride, Anne Bolton.



## Immaculate Prime Minister

Mrs Margaret Thatcher lives up to her reputation for looking cool, calm and collected on any and every occasion. Here, with not a hair out of place, she talks to an officer in ceremonial dress.



FLAGS GALORE: No mistaking the enthusiasm and affection of the crowds outside St Paul's

## TV coverage

# What BBC saw as ritual ITV treated as news

In one of the most desperate patches of the over-long warm-up to its royal wedding coverage, the BBC treated us to a picturesque but pedestrian tour of the royal estate at Balmoral.

Independent television, at about the same time, was interviewing the chief of the cardiac arrest unit at St Paul's. He was speculating on the possibility that the bride's father might need help during the ceremony.

It was a nice illustration of the difference in style between the two networks yesterday. The BBC treated the wedding as a ritual, independent television as a real news event.

The BBC used to be accused of handling royal occasions in the way proper English women are traditionally supposed to approach their wedding night. They are duly overawed by the immensity of the event but do not want to be caught relishing it ostentatiously.

That was not altogether true about the wedding. Angela Rippon, sitting behind her control desk in a studio hinting at the decor of Buckingham Palace, was obviously loving every moment. But she and her colleagues seldom allowed a hint of possible complications to creep in.

Tom Fleming, the main BBC commentator, opened with a set piece beginning: "Once upon a time". He tried to maintain the fairy-tale theme throughout. For independent television, Alastair Burnet was sharper and more acerbic, knowing and realistic. While acknowledging the magnificence, he was aware of the pitfalls.

The tone had been set early on. Independent Television News's first news broadcast at 7.30 am reported that hundreds had been injured in the crush at Tuesday night's fireworks display. A man was interviewed who had been helping to set off the fireworks and who had been burnt.

Both channels speculated excitedly about the wedding dress, but only independent television pointed to a potential disaster. "Half an inch too long and Lady Diana would almost certainly trip on the cathedral steps."

Independent television was bolder, too, on the romantic angles. As the BBC gave a highly tangential report on female firefighters at Gordonstown, the competition was running a cheeky "where are they now?" portrait of the Prince's former girlfriends.

"Charles has sown some rather mild wild oats", was the comment of Anthony Carthew, the reporter.

Later, Alastair Burnet sailed close to lese-majesty when he suggested that the Queen did not always seem to enjoy weddings. But, to his credit, he is the one commentator on royal occasions who consciously avoids the obvious clichés. Independent television had brought in Ronald

Allison, the former press officer at Buckingham Palace, to provide glimpses of the obvious for him.

"The wait has been well worth while, no doubt about that", trilled Allison at the first glimpse of the bride. When he started to go on about the pagantry and splendour that only Britain can do properly Burnet impatiently cut him off.

Yet Allison was not easily deterred. "He must now be getting very, very excited indeed," he told us as the Prince drove to the cathedral. "He'll be feeling the emotion of the occasion as much as the splendour."

For the BBC, Tom Fleming could find clichés of his own. He gave us "the time-honoured ritual of a British royal occasion", the Princess as "a wonderful fairy-tale sight", and, in front of the Palace balcony, "a veritable sea" of people.

## A view from 1,000ft up

He used "wonderful" and "magnificent" and "marvellous" rather too often. Everyone was trying hard not to say "radiant" and I caught it only once, from Judith Chalmers for independent television near the end.

Independent television's camera mounted on an airship added to the spirit of the occasion rather than to the quality of the coverage. "Wonderful clarity from a thousand feet up", Andrew Gardner, the studio host, boasted, but the fact remained that clarity was even greater from the cameras at ground level.

The BBC had the best camera positions at critical moments. They gave us the better view of Lady Diana in her carriage and of the placing of the ring. When the bride said: "I will", the Archbishop's mitre was between her and the independent television camera.

Neither channel made much fuss about the slight errors the bride and groom both made in their responses. For just under two minutes in the middle of the ceremony, independent television lost its picture from inside the Cathedral, but the BBC sportingly lent its own pictures.

Independent television said: "There's an agreement with the BBC. If they had a breakdown, they would have taken our pictures. The power failure was at a linking station at Millbank".

When it was all finally finished, there were brief studio discussions, but by then everyone was drained of imagination. When one of Angela Rippon's guests made the point that St Paul's Cathedral was very, very large, it was apparent that everything there was to say had been said, and much more.



## Toxteth flares again

## Inquiry seeks police driver involved in riot fatality

From John Young, Liverpool

Mr Kenneth Oxford, the Chief Constable of Merseyside, has ordered an immediate inquiry into the incident during Tuesday night's riots in Toxteth which led to the death of a young man in hospital early yesterday. An assistant chief constable from Northumbria, who has not been named, was understood to be on his way to Liverpool to head the investigation.

Mr David Moore, aged 22, the first fatal casualty of the present spate of urban rioting in Britain, was run down by a police vehicle. That was acknowledged by Mr Oxford, who said the purpose of the inquiry would be to identify the driver.

Asked if the incident could be termed a "hit-and-run", he replied: "Yes you could put that interpretation on it."

After the worst night's rioting in Toxteth since the first outbreak nearly four weeks ago, Mr Moore's death seemed to have destroyed any faint hope of a truce. The Liverpool 8 defence committee denounced it as murder, and the Merseyside Community Relations Council said it was appalled at the dangers of the aggressive use of police vehicles.

Witnesses said Mr Moore, who was crippled from a childhood accident, was struck by a police Land-Rover. But yesterday afternoon a black youth, who refused to be named, insisted that it was neither a Land-Rover nor a van but an "armoured car" which came over a hill at high speed and ran straight into a group of people.

The repeated use of vehicles to charge rioters was seen in the small hours of yesterday. On a signal they would race off in convoys down the street, to be met by shouts, screams and a barrage of petrol bombs, bricks and other missiles.

During the rioting, cars were overturned and left as burning barricades, and lamp standards were felled with pickaxes. Tyres from a looted factory were flung across the streets and set alight with petrol bombs.

Miss Pauline Dunlop, a city councillor who is also a nurse, did not see the incident involving Mr Moore but was called to give him first aid. "It looked as if his neck was broken," she said.

Mr Oxford yesterday defended the use of vehicles to disperse crowds, saying he preferred such tactics to using CS gas. Brushing aside demands for his resignation, he said it was "up to the public at large to show that this sort of behaviour on our streets cannot be condoned."

Since the riots began, some 700 police have been injured. Yesterday's toll was 34, of whom three were police officers in hospital, one with a suspected fractured skull.

There had been more petrol bombs than on any previous night, he said, but the police had made only 22 arrests, mostly for possession of offensive weapons.

He also referred to an outbreak of vandalism at Maghull, some ten miles from Toxteth, in which shop windows were smashed and looted. "So there is a copycat element creeping in, and it may escalate," he said.

Despite Mr Oxford's appeal for a return to order, both his own position and the behaviour of the police in general are under increasing attack. Law and order on Merseyside is becoming a political issue, with Conservatives defending the police and Labour and the trade unions showing sympathy with the rioters.

Mr Sunday Blass, former Conservative chairman of the county council's police committee, yesterday called on Lady Sney, the Labour chairman, to withdraw the remarks she made on Tuesday about police methods.

The Liverpool 8 defence committee said that the events of the past two nights demonstrated conclusively that Mr Oxford was a police chief of the rampage, and that his officers felt free to engage in any form of brutality.

The Merseyside Community Relations Council said Mr Oxford had tended to increase tension in the city.

It is her duty to support the chief constable and his men, and it is wrong for her to undermine his authority and morale in this way," he said.

But Mr James Stuart-Cole, Labour leader of the council, said he believed the police committee should have the power to dismiss the chief constable. "If we had that power we would give serious consideration to his position," he added. "It is a matter of regret to me that we do not."

Mr Colin Barnett, regional secretary of the Trades Union Council, said at a press conference in Toxteth yesterday that his council had been asked to support a "people's march against racism" in Liverpool on August 15. He would be seeking the council's endorsement next Thursday.

Dr Hilary Hodge, a member of the police committee, said that Mr Oxford had treated the committee with complete contempt. There was much wrong with police relations with the public on Merseyside, and it was time Mr William Whiteley, Home Secretary came there to sort it out.

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## Calf exports code gets angry response

By Hugh Clayton Agriculture Correspondent

The Government has quietly overruled objections from the animal welfare lobby and the Commons Select Committee on Agriculture to the export of live calves and lambs. Animal welfare campaigners responded angrily yesterday to the issue by ministers late on Tuesday of a voluntary code of practice for the owners of yards where animals are penned before they are sent abroad.

The publication of the code, which will take effect on September 28, shows that the Government has rejected the almost unanimous complaint from the animal welfare lobby that the export trade in live animals is cruel and should be banned.

Although the trade is outside the terms of the welfare investigation by the select committee, it said in a report last week: "It will be obvious from what we have said that we deplore this particular trade."

Mr Robin Corbett, chairman of the Farm Animal Welfare Executive, an umbrella group of more than 10 of the largest welfare societies in Britain, said he would protest to ministers because his organization had not been consulted about the code although it had been asked for comments about the order that accompanied it.

"The very publication of this code seems to amount to an admission that the existing regulations are not being followed," he said. "One is left with the feeling that this thing is next door to useless. We want an end to the export trade in live farm animals. We have no faith in any bits of paper because all the evidence is that they are disregarded in practice."

Farmers want the export trade to continue because of its importance to the economic health of the livestock industry. Each year more than ten times as many calves are exported live from Britain as are eaten as veal in this country.

The code, which is voluntary, says that calves on a liquid diet should be offered glucose and water after long journeys to ports and airports.

Ms Maureen Tomlinson, political affairs controller of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said: "We are very disappointed. We will continue to press the Government very strongly to end this trade."

Mr Stephen Reiss, managing director of the Royal Academy of Arts Business Art Galleries, has written to *The Times* that it is not by Jan Baptist Weenix but by his son Jan, who was his pupil and follower. His view is confirmed by Dr Albert Blankert, of Utrecht University, author of an important study of the period, *Dutch Seventeenth Century Italianate Landscape Painters*.

Mr Blankert points out that a photograph of the painting has already been filed at the Rijksmuseum as a work by Jan Weenix, the son.

The subject is probably not Anthony and Cleopatra, he says. It is the type of object usually described as "Merry Company".

He categorizes it as an exceptionally beautiful painting "but it is easy to see that it is by the son".

The National Gallery announced the purchase of the painting in May. It had been included in a Sotheby sale in July, 1980 (again wrongly attributed to Jan Baptist Weenix), where it was estimated to fetch



The picture bought by the National Gallery as a fine example of Italianate Dutch work.

## National Gallery 'mistaken'

## Weenix work by artist's son, experts say

By Geraldine Norman, Sale Room Correspondent

Only one man in England has apparently noticed that the National Gallery is labouring under a misapprehension over what artist painted one of its recent acquisitions. The gallery calls it: "A courtyard with two figures as Anthony and Cleopatra," by Jan Baptist Weenix.

Mr Stephen Reiss, managing director of the Royal Academy of Arts Business Art Galleries, has written to *The Times* that it is not by Jan Baptist Weenix but by his son Jan, who was his pupil and follower. His view is confirmed by Dr Albert Blankert, of Utrecht University, author of an important study of the period, *Dutch Seventeenth Century Italianate Landscape Painters*.

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£20,000-£30,000 but failed to find a buyer.

Sotheby's subsequently negotiated a private treaty sale to the National Gallery on behalf of the owner.

Weenix Senior visited Italy in 1642-46 and was deeply influenced by his Italian contemporaries. He specialized in painting Italianate landscapes, with ruins of ancient buildings and figures in modern dress, as well as turning his hand to still life and portraiture.

The National Gallery painting is characteristic of this Italianate mode, which was adopted by several Dutch artists of the period.

Mr Christopher Brown, who has charge of the Gallery's Dutch paintings, comments that the picture was bought as a fine example of Italianate Dutch painting. The gallery is well supplied with the better known Dutch realist school of the period, but has little of the Italianate two.

"We believe it to be by the father," he commented, "but if it were by the son it would not affect the reason for our purchase. We believe it to be a very fine example of a type of Dutch painting we are short of."

Mr Brown points out that it is very difficult to tell the father from the son. This is confirmed by my researches. Inquiries made of two leading dealers in Dutch painting

elicited the responses: "Did he have a son, then?" and "I do not know how you tell the difference. I will look it up."

Mr Reiss points out that after Jan Baptist returned from Italy he always Italianized his signature, making it "Gio Battista", short for Giovanni Battista.

The signature on this painting was read by Sotheby's as "J. Weenix" and by the National Gallery as "J. B. Weenix": to the naked eye it is almost unreadable.

If the signature truly reads "J. B." it is probably a later (fraudulent) addition; if "J." it was probably placed there by the son.

Another cause for suspicion is the partially illegible date "1660". The exact date of Jan Baptist's death is not known, but it is believed to have been about 1660.

According to Mr Reiss, "no other work by Jan Baptist later than 1659 has ever been recorded".

Blankert further points out that the brushwork and treatment of the figures are characteristic of the son.

It is, however, a subject on which little knowledge is available. There were nearly as many artists in the seventeenth century Holland as there were in the nineteenth century. Inquiries made of two leading dealers in Dutch painting

## Unexplored dangers of asbestiform fibres

By the staff of "Nature"

Asbestos-like fibres may abound in products from cosmetics and medicines to lubricating oils, an American mineralogist has alleged, and they may be just as dangerous as the true asbestos which has caused mesothelioma and debilitating lung disease among asbestos workers.

On the other hand, the fibres may be harmless, Professor Tibor Zoltai, of the University of Minnesota, says. But they look so like asbestos fibres under the microscope that it is time medical scientists paid proper attention to them.

Zoltai has been interested in "asbestiform" fibres for some time, and has been conducting something of a campaign to have them recognized as a potential hazard. Some of them have not been in use in commercial products long enough to be sure whether they are carcinogenic or not; and others may never have been considered as potential causes of disease. So Zoltai's latest step is to detail, in the forthcoming paper in the journal *Science*, how widespread asbestiform fibres are. They occur in medicines, cosmetics, paints, vegetable oils, herbicides and pet litter products, he says, where they are used as thickeners and absorbents. The "undoubtedly asbestiform" mineral atropite, for example, occurs in antidiarrhoeal products, ointments and medicines.

Zoltai's warning will not be taken seriously by many scientists, who feel that the fact that a mineral forms fibres is not sufficient to class it as asbestiform, and therefore, by implication, dangerous.

Zoltai, on the other hand, points out that "asbestos" is a commercial term—already includes a number of distinct mineral species—and that scientific grounds but largely because they are relatively common and easy to work. Why should those mineral fibres be dangerous and others not? After all the biological action of asbestos is still not understood.

Commercial asbestos is very unusual in certain ways. It comes in two broad crystalline forms, represented by chrysotile asbestos (long and silky and good for weaving) and blue asbestos (crocidolite). Chrysotile fibres are like flat sheets of paper which have been rolled into a scroll; crocidolite (the most dangerous form) consists of long silicate chains loosely bonded together.

Scroll-form minerals other than chrysotile may be quite uncommon, though hallosite, a porcelain-like mineral related to kaolin, appears to take this shape, says Zoltai. Chrysotile is used for asbestos pipes and cigarette holders, are more common.

Commercial asbestos fibres are also very durable. They resist degradation in the body. Some fibrous minerals such as talc and mica are probably too soft to survive; but others may be as hard and resistant as asbestos. Zoltai is now working on ways of testing if this is the case.

LEVELS OF RADIATION DROP AGAIN

The amount of radioactive fallout in the United Kingdom will be available for them from next year, but no money is set aside to buy them. Consequently, three or four such committees might become computerized in 1982, but the vast majority not for another five or ten years.

Mr Purser thought providing a recall service was important enough for the Government to direct health authorities to provide funds for computerization.

The Government rather favours making it the responsibility of general practitioners. It is considering reorganizing doctors' so that those GPs who remind their patients are paid more, and doctors who fail to take on the responsibility receive less.

One difficulty in launching a campaign to encourage women to have cervical smears is to ensure that the laboratory facilities are available to cope with the increased demand.

At present about 2.5 million smears are carried out a year, of which just over a million are on women aged over 35 and 1.4 million on women of under 35. But some middle class young women, among whom the incidence is less than among working class women, are probably being screened more frequently than necessary, so the campaign would need to ensure that they were discouraged from presenting themselves.

But Mr Ronald Purser, secretary of the Society of Administrators of Family Practitioner Services, has said that these committees would be able to run only a reminder system once they are computerized.

Three leading republicans visited the Maze prison, near Belfast, yesterday to see the eight hunger strikers in what was being interpreted as a significant move in the crisis.

The group included a member of the Irish Republican Socialist Party, Mr Gerry Adams, vice-president of Sinn Féin and Mr Owen Carron who was election agent for Robert Sands, the hunger striker who became an MP.

They went to the prison after having talks recently with relatives of the hunger strikers, interested clergy and members of the Social Democratic and Labour Party.

Republican sources did not

## UNION TO REPRESENT DIVERS

One of the largest diving companies operating in the North Sea has agreed to recognize the National Union of Seamen. It is seen as a breakthrough for trade union organization in the offshore oil fields.

The agreement is for divers employed by Comex Houliou on board the Uncle John, an emergency support vessel.

Comex Houliou, which is based in Aberdeen, is the first diving company operating in the United Kingdom sector to agree to union recognition which will cover about 30 divers. The company and the union have also agreed to approach ACAS, the conciliation service, to hold a ballot

## Leading republicans visit Maze hunger strikers

From Richard Ford, Belfast

raise hopes that a settlement was imminent.

Meanwhile, the condition of Kieran Doherty and Kevin Lynch, who today entered the seventh, and sixty-ninth days of their hunger strike respectively, continues to deteriorate.

Mr Kenneth Maginnis, the Official Unionist candidate in the Fermanagh and South Tyrone by-election, is no longer a part-time member of the Ulster Defence Regiment as stated in *The Times* yesterday.

Miss Mairead Corrigan, the Nobel peace prize winner, is to marry her brother-in-law, the father of the three children whose deaths led her to form the women's peace movement

## BOYD DOUBT ON LABOUR LEADERSHIP

By Our Labour Correspondent

A senior union leader cast doubt today on whether the Labour Party "with its pedestrian leadership and internal skin cancers" can lead the revolutionary moral renaissance which he says Britain needs.

Sir John Boyd, general secretary of the amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, and a former Labour Party chairman, attacks government neglect of inner cities and the rise of free trade zones, which should operate uncontrolled irrespective of how much they hurt innocent people.

But Sir John, in a long and reflective editorial for his union's journal, proposed by the recent urban riots, also calls for the police to be strengthened in their difficult, dangerous job, and for the quality of our educational system to be restored.

He says "parents must instil into their children the sanctity of family life and their responsibility to society," adding: "Nothing can replace a mother's love and affection."

John suggests that bad housing, inner city decay, the absence of cultural activities, police oppression, criminal vandalism, government neglect, copycat violence, fears of a nuclear holocaust, uncontrolled immigration, lack of integration, the undue influence of the news media, "manufactured unrest by professional agitators, may all have contributed to the causes of the present unrest."

He too has suffered unemployment, he says, and lived with his parents and two brothers in a Scottish "single-end" house, known malnutrition and existed with no social workers to visit homes, and a Saturday matinee film the only entertainment.

"All these experiences did not cause us to be ignorant and undisciplined, nor lead to violence, looting and the mugging of old people and women."

## Pay vote signals end to Civil Service dispute

By David Felton, Labour Correspondent

Leaders of the nine Civil Service unions met tonight prepared formally to call an end to their 21-week pay fight, which has been the longest running national industrial dispute since the miners' strike of 1926.

Eight of the unions' members have returned votes in favour of accepting the Government's final offer, giving them a 230 a year on top of the original 7 per cent, and the original offer of 10 per cent in next year's negotiations.

The Inland Revenue Staff Federation is the only union whose members have voted to reject the offer. Instead, they have called for a national strike, but its leaders have said they will abide by the majority wish of the other eight.

Tonight the meeting of the 63-member Council of Civil Service Unions will instruct those members on strike to return on Monday and co-operate with managers in clearing the huge backlogs of work.

Union leaders expect some short-lived resistance to the

## Editors no longer exempt from strike call

By Our Labour Correspondent

Newspaper editors who are members of the National Union of Journalists face being asked to join strikes as a result of a narrow vote in a union ballot.

In a poll in which only 6,141 of the union's 32,000 members took part, members voted by a majority of 406 to end the six-year-old policy whereby editors with "special class" membership were exempted from strike instructions to take industrial action.

The poll may have wide implications on provincial

after that decision exempted special class editor members from nationally instructed industrial action.

The Glasgow Evening Times failed to appear yesterday after 70 journalists stayed at home in a dispute over premium payments for working on the day of the royal wedding.

Journalists on two sister papers, the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Sunday Standard*, did not go into work either.



# Top executive material.



You'd imagine that around £8,500 would buy you a fairly exclusive, individual motor car. Too often, it buys just the opposite: a car from a range of identical body shapes distinguished only by the level of trim outside, and a few extra cc's under the bonnet.

If however, you're ambitious for rather more than a different badge on the boot, take a look at the Vauxhall Viceroy.

As you see, it's not just a lookalike with a bigger engine. It's a unique, individual saloon.

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# Iran earthquake death toll may be in thousands

An earthquake destroyed several villages in south-east Iran for the second time in six weeks, leaving more than 700 people dead and 440 injured according to first reports, the Iranian news agency Pars said. The Governor of Kerman province, which is about 500 miles south-east of Tehran, told Pars the final death toll may rise to between 3,000 and 4,000. In some villages as many as 90 per cent of the houses were demolished, while about half the affected area was lying under rubble. Mr Abdolhossein Sayeh, the Governor, was quoted as saying.

The earthquake, which struck at 5.24 pm (GMT) on Tuesday, blocked mountain roads. Rescue teams were being flown in by helicopters.

Pars said rescue squads immediately started digging bodies and survivors out of the ruins and evacuating the injured to emergency hospitals set up at Kerman, the provincial capital. The Tehran Seismological Institute said the earthquake measured between 6.7 and 7 on the Richter scale. Its epicentre was close to the villages of Andosh and Shahdad, both about 30 miles from Kerman.

In this area an earthquake left more than 1,000 people dead and 1,500 injured, on June 11.

Rescuers were being hampered by the mountainous and semi-desert terrain. Helicopters taking supplies between Kerman and Shahdad crossed peaks of more than 12,000 ft.

Food and milk were among early supplies sought by Red Crescent (Red Cross) teams. Helicopters were making the injured to hospitals in Kerman until field-hospitals could be set up. Telephone links were cut between Kerman and Tehran.

A military aircraft carrying a medical team flew from

# Pertini pledges to resist terrorism

From Peter Nichols, Rome, July 29

The octogenarian President Pertini looked away from the wedding which he was attending on television and said sadly: "Our King opened the road to Fascism."

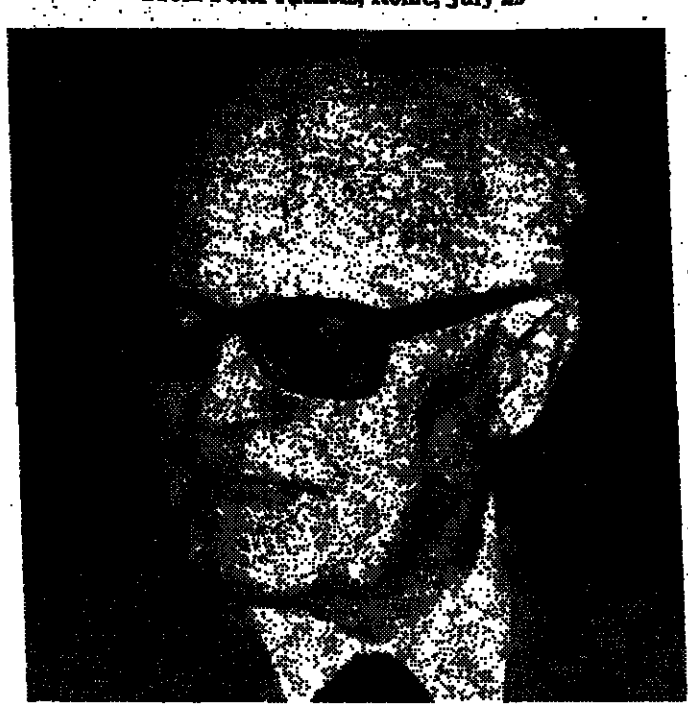
He followed the whole morning's transmission like King Juan Carlos of Spain. President Pertini was one of the great absentees from St Paul's. His absence, however, was in no way meant as a protest. When his invitation came he had thought that he would be on holiday by this time and so immediately sent his regrets and asked Senator Amintore Fanfani, the president of the senate, to represent him.

For a time he followed the broadcast with personal comments. The British monarchy was deeply embedded in the life of the nation because it had kept out of political life, he said. "It is better that we are a republic here. The last kings betrayed the people too badly."

"One of the biggest crimes of the King was to agree to make the declaration of war against Britain in 1940. He could have refused to do this. I was then in prison and I wept with rage at the news."

So now there was no nostalgia in Italy for the monarchy. Young people in particular felt nothing for the former royal family.

He had been asked on behalf of the former King Umberto who was in Portugal if he could be buried in Italy. The President was happy to grant the request as a human gesture but he had placed a condition: the former King should write to him with a letter of apology. The wedding was too absorbing. "I will telephone the kitchen



President Pertini: "I believe in my people."

The King refused to do this. His cousin, King Juan Carlos of Spain, for whom President Pertini has a great esteem, was critical of the refusal.

The appearance on the screen of the Duke of Edinburgh brought some enthusiastic memories: "What laughs we have had together when they were here. The Queen told him off about it, you know."

The serious business of talking about Italy's troubles had to wait lunch because the wedding was too absorbing. "I will telephone the kitchen

would feel the effects. But he could not say with certainty where the centre was. He said that he had tried to kill the Pope, the President's great friend, was brought out of prison in Istanbul, given money and told to kill the Pope or risk to be killed himself. Now the terrorist was expected to be freed from the Italian prison in which he is held, but that, the President said, would not happen. Here he was under the closest supervision.

The overwhelming majority of the Italian people, the President went on, were still determined to resist terrorism. He had disapproved of the Socialist Party's decision to print documents issued by the "Red Brigades" terrorist group in the party's newspaper. Despite this lapse, the front of a firm stand against the terrorists was still largely intact.

In the West, the performance of Senator Giovanni Spadolini, the new Prime Minister, and hoped his Government would last.

In the face of Italy's difficulties, President Pertini has not lost his faith in his country. "I believe in my people," he said. "I have seen this country terribly reduced more than once. The Nazis and the Fascists did dreadful things here. But the people manage to overcome the most appalling difficulties."

"I am one of them. I share their qualities and defects. They respect my sincerity, especially the young people. The overwhelming majority are not drug-addicts or terrorists."

"Groups of young people, from children on, come see me here. So far I have talked to 37,000 of them and I have yet to hear a stupid question."

# Arrigo Levi: A personal view

## Centre challenge in Britain and Italy

The endless changing kaleidoscope of political life under democratic conditions produces, from time to time, patterns which sharply contrast the usual polarisation of forces, around two main parties. And support by politicians for one characteristic feature of deep national crisis (as in the case of General de Gaulle in 1958) is not the only way in which the prevailing two-party system can be shaken.

At the present time, there are two European countries, Britain and Italy, where an unusual challenge from the centre is being made. This is a very up-to-date development for the two dominating parties: Conservatives and Labour in Britain, Christian Democrats and Communists in Italy.

There are obvious differences between the British and Italian cases, but the similarities are also striking.

So far, the rise of the Social Democrat Party in Britain seems to spring from a highly unusual event—the simultaneous radicalisation and polarisation of both great parties in general, when one of the two parties elects an "extremist" leader, the other happily rushes to the centre and scores sweeping gains in the succeeding election.

This happened twice in the past 20 years in the United States: when Senator Barry Goldwater led the Republicans to shameful defeat in 1964, and when Senator George McGovern led the Democrats to a similar débâcle in 1972.

I cannot recall another occasion when both parties simultaneously ran away from the centre in opposite directions. This is the historic chance now offered to the SDP in Britain: A wholly different thing from the rise of Labour in the early years of the century, which was related to the widening of the electoral base as well as to the huge social changes in the country.

Either of the two main parties, or both, may of course still recover their senses before a general election takes place, and Britain's peculiar electoral system may still produce in the end the most surprising results: But the "space" offered to a new party of the centre by the "double polarisation" which has occurred is obviously unique. No such radicalization of the Christian Democrats (DC) and Communists (PCI) has taken place in Italy. Still, the two main parties are both losing ground in favour of the four centre parties.

In 1976, the Christian Democrats and Communists together got 73.2 per cent of the vote (38.8 to the DC, 34.4 to the PCI), while the four parties in the middle got only 17.5. A series of elections in 1979-1981 has now reduced the big two's share of the vote by five or six points, and brought the share of the four in the middle up to around 25 per cent.

The first clear sign now has, for the first time since December, 1945, a Prime Minister chosen from one of the centre parties: the Christian Democrat, Signor Spadolini. Signor Spadolini is another powerful indication of the rise of a new challenge from the centre.

Italy's electoral law, which is rigorously proportional, will of course never permit those huge shifts in the voting pattern which Britain's "first past the post" takes all" system makes possible. But if the four middle parties consolidate their gains in a future parliamentary election the face of Italian democracy will radically change.

The Italian electorate, with its deep desire for change without danger, seems to have realized that the political polarization of the middle 1970s could never bring about such change. Out of an excess of caution and ambiguity, Signor Berlinguer's Communists have apparently lost the chance they then had to become a reliable alternative to the Christian Democrats.

Now the four middle parties have the chance. Signor Spadolini's determined leadership they are offering the country a "new social compact" which is strongly reminiscent of the policies of consensus followed by the forces now coalescing at the centre of Britain's political stage, at the time of the Lib-Lab alliance.

But one wonders which parties, in Britain and Italy, would suffer most from the rise of a new powerful centre force. In Britain, the crisis of the Labour Party and the resulting search for a "new left" could have the surprising result of producing a new right-wing party, in lieu of the Conservative Party. Could something similar happen in Italy? It is not impossible.

While the biggest of the four parties in the middle, Signor Craxi's Socialists, wants to follow President Mitterrand's strategy in France in order to take the Communists' place as the new main party of the left, it still could, in the end, lead the centre to success mostly at the expense of the Christian Democrats. The kaleidoscope of Italian democracy, which remained unchanged for so long, could produce now, it has started moving, quite unexpected changes.

Times Newspapers, 1981

# Israel shoots down Syrian jet in Lebanon dogfight

From Christopher Walker, Jerusalem, July 29

The precarious five-day ceasefire suffered its most severe setback this morning when Israeli fighters shot down a Syrian jet which had to intercept a reconnaissance patrol flying over Lebanon. The Israelis claimed the aircraft they destroyed was a MIG 25. The dogfight highlighted one of the most sensitive sections of the truce negotiated last week by Mr Philip Habib, America's special envoy. The Syrians were not directly involved in the truce negotiations.

In diplomatic circles there were fears that a renewal of tension between Israel and Syria could undermine the ceasefire. It could also reactivate the unresolved question of the Syrian missile batteries in the Bekaa Valley.

Damascus said yesterday gave warning in an official commentary that Syria was prepared to intercept any Israeli aircraft flying in Lebanese airspace. The threat contrasted sharply with the low profile which Syria maintained during the two-week war of attrition between Israel and the Palestinians.

The Israeli military command said today in a communiqué, that the interception had come less than 24 hours after the Syrian announcement. It also denied claims that any Israeli jets had been shot down in the encounter.

Mr Menachem Begin, the Israeli Prime Minister, confirmed that, despite Syrian opposition, Israeli overflights of Lebanon would continue because they were vital to Israel's defence.

He claimed that they enabled the Israeli forces to pinpoint terrorist targets inside Lebanon and thereby minimize civilian casualties.

Mr Begin added that Syria would agree to allow forces from other Arab countries to enter Lebanon via Syrian territory.

# NZ police charge on protesters

By Our Foreign Staff

More than 30 people were injured in Wellington yesterday when police charged a demonstration against the South African Springboks rugby tour of New Zealand.

About 2,000 protesters were marching on the South African Consulate when they were confronted by two lines of police. The police warned them and then moved in on the crowd with batons, hitting the protesters on their heads, shoulders and arms. At least 30 suffered head injuries and two were taken to hospital by ambulance.

Observers described the ugly scenes as the worst violence known in New Zealand since the depression in the 1930s.

Earlier yesterday, 20 protesters stormed the headquarters of the Wellington Rugby Union and scattered tickets for the second All-Blacks-Springboks test from a first floor window to demonstrate their opposition to the tour.

Police said that they had arrested about 30 people who were charged with obstructing the tour. The protesters were charged with obstructing the tour.

# Storm grows over eviction of Cape Town homeless

From Eric Marsden, Cape Town, July 29

Growing opposition to the eviction and prosecution of homeless blacks in the Cape Town area is being expressed by political, religious and welfare workers of all races.

In St George's Cathedral here tomorrow a "meeting of reconciliation" with the victims of the evictions will be held, at which the speakers will include evicted women who have been released from prison.

The meeting is advertised as non-religious and non-political under the slogan "all Cape-townsians together". Addresses will also be given by Adam Bashi, the coloured poet, and Bishop S. Ndlovu of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mrs Helen Suman, who yesterday led eight Progressive Federal Party MPs on a tour of makeshift camps being used by people evicted from the hostels at Lange, said they were appalled at what they found. Scores of women and children were huddled together under plastic sheets supported on sticks of wood.

She said that it was beyond belief that a civilized country could allow such conditions to develop and even more reprehensible that the authorities would deprive homeless people of their shelter in pouring rain and freezing cold.

Many of the arrests arose from a confrontation between the police and a group of about 55, a welfare worker who was wrongfully arrested while visiting evicted squatters near the crossroads camp, has protested to administration officials at her treatment during four days in prison.

Mrs Mamfanya, who is chairman of the United Women's Organization, said that though she had her pass with her she was "chucked in a van" with more than 30 others. "I was very angry and told them they treated us like human rubbish," she said.

# Angry Poles step up food protests

Warsaw, July 29.—Poland was hit by wildcat strikes and a fresh surge of food protests today with angry workers organizing rallies and demanding meetings with the authorities.

About 2,000 textile workers at a Warsaw mill struck for three hours but bus drivers at one depot refused to take their buses out.

Regional leaders of the Solidarity union said the situation could get out of control and worked furiously to stem the tide of anger at food shortages, reduced meat rations and proposed price rises.

Solidarity said its Warsaw leaders were holding a crisis session to decide how to respond to demands from factories for a decision on protest action in the capital.

Warning strikes were called for next week in Gostochowa, Piotrkow, Trybunalski and Grudziadz. Protest meetings and hunger marches were announced in other cities.

A four-day protest campaign in Poland's second city, Lodz, entered its third day. Tomorrow thousands of women are expected to march through Lodz in what is likely to be the biggest hunger protest to date.

The Solidarity headquarters in Gdansk said protest messages were flooding in from all parts of the country. "We can no longer tolerate the individual plants, there are too many of them," a spokesman said.

Workers in many factories had decided against accepting the meat coupons for August in which allowances were reduced by some 20 per cent.

The government, confronted with a collapsing economy and dwindling foreign supplies, said Poland did not have enough meat to ensure the ration allowance for the next two months. It negotiated a compromise agreement with Solidarity earlier in the week suspending the cuts for September and looking ways to make up the August deficit. But this appears to have done nothing to halt protests.

The ministers were asked to take energetic steps to cope with the deteriorating economic situation.

In another sign of Poland's worsening plight, the Mining Minister, said the country would face power cuts in the autumn and winter because of a shortage of coal. Production this year would be more than 150 million tonnes, he said.

Anger over the food situation was running high in Silesia, a Solidarity spokesman said. In the eastern city of Chelms, close to the Soviet frontier, Solidarity is taking the initiative in organizing protests to prevent wildcat strikes and uncontrolled actions.

The siren of the main railway repair depot in the western city of Poznan was sounded for five minutes every hour today as a sign of protest.

More than 50 lorries took part in a motorcade protest in Lodz today, watched by thousands of people. The vehicles were festooned with the red and white national flag and posters demanding food and regular supplies.—Reuter.

# 600 copies of Picassos hijacked

New York, July 29.—A lorry carrying 600 lithographic reproductions of paintings by Picasso was hijacked by gunmen yesterday when the driver stopped at traffic lights.

Besides the lithographs, which were valued at \$480,000 (about £252,000) and each signed by Miss Marina Picasso, Picasso's granddaughter, the lorry was carrying \$50,000 worth of cashmere jerseys and several cartons of women's shoes.

Mr Bernard Gerstel, the driver, was unhurt.

Mr Herman Finesod, the president of Jackie Fine Arts, which owns the reproductions, said there were 40 copies each of 15 paintings. The lithographs were to have been sold for \$800 each.

Mr Finesod, the police and the owner of the lorry said they had no idea whether the hijacker knew what he contained. Mr Finesod said they would have difficulty in disposing of the art works.

All the stolen lithographs were reproductions of well-known paintings.

Police said the hijacking took place moments after Mr Gerstel had turned off the Long Island expressway on to a service road. Two men with guns jumped on to the running boards of the vehicle, climbed inside and ordered Mr Gerstel to put his head down.

One of the gunmen drove the lorry for a while, then Mr Gerstel was transferred to a car and released later in Brooklyn.

The lithographs had been made in the United States from paintings in the collection of Miss Picasso. Mr Finesod said he had flown with them to France for Miss Picasso to sign them. When they were stolen they were being taken to a warehouse to be inspected by customs officials.—New York Times News Service.

# IN BRIEF

## Madrid protest at ABS cuts

Madrid, July 29.—More than 400 Spanish radio and television journalists have signed a letter protesting at the decision to close the BBC's Spanish-language service for Spain. The letter was delivered to the British Embassy by a delegation of journalists. It said the closure of the service "would deal an irreparable blow to the free flow of information between the two countries."

## Minister convicted

Salisbury.—Mr Edward Pswarayi, Zimbabwe's Deputy Minister of Transport and Power, has been convicted of charging two lodgers in a house he owns too much rent. He was cautioned and discharged by a Salisbury magistrate.

## Robert Moses dies

West Islip, New York.—Robert Moses, the powerful broker who built more public works than anyone else in American history and imposed his will on governors, mayors and presidents, has died aged 92.

## S Africa links

Lusaka.—Zambia imported about \$40m from South Africa in the first seven months of 1980—an increase of some 150 per cent over the same period in 1979.

## New paper planned

Washington.—The Washington Post is considering publishing an afternoon newspaper if the Washington Star closes on August 7, a source at the newspaper said.

## Wine flows over

Montpellier.—Thousands of gallons of wine flowed in streets near here today after French wine growers opened and emptied tanker lorries transporting cheap Italian wine.

# Lebanese count cost of air war

From Tewfik Mishlawi, Beirut, July 29

Five days after an American-sponsored ceasefire went into effect on the Lebanon-Israeli border, Lebanon is embroiled in a host of social and economic problems created by two weeks of virtual war between the Palestinian guerrillas in the country and Israel.

The difficulties—some of the most serious since the civil war six years ago—are largely the outcome of Israeli air strikes on Lebanon's infrastructure, including roads, bridges, power stations and oil refinery installations. At least 15 bridges and roads, including the main coastal highway, have been either destroyed or damaged, disrupting communication between south Lebanon and the capital Beirut.

Lebanon's second largest oil refinery near Sidon, also received direct hits, which brought the plant to a halt, causing an acute petrol and fuel shortage. The refineries, fed with Saudi Arabian crude oil through the American-owned trans-Arabia pipeline used to meet about 40 per cent of Lebanon's petrol needs.

Medecre officials said the refinery could resume production in about 10 days after essential repairs had been made; but the plant would not be fully operational before September.

The petrol shortage has also affected the supply of electricity, which is produced by diesel-powered generators. A series of Israeli attacks on a big power station at Tybeh, south of Beirut, had already disrupted power supply in south and east Lebanon.

The Lebanese electricity authority yesterday applied nationwide power rationing.

Other Lebanese expect more shortages, especially in the water supply, since a regular annual maintenance since before the civil war. Water is also pumped to factories and high-rise flats by diesel-powered engines.

# CALIFORNIA STRANGLER SURPRISE

From Ivor Davis, Los Angeles, July 29

California's Attorney General has agreed to take over the case of the man accused of being the Hollywood hillside strangler after the Los Angeles District Attorney had unsuccessfully sought to drop charges against the suspect because of lack of evidence.

A spokesman for Mr George Deukmejian, the Attorney General, said: "We are going to take the case and review the evidence."

However, it may take weeks or even months before the new prosecutors actually decide whether or not to put Angelo Buono, aged 46, on trial for strangling 10 young women.

Last week the District Attorney asked Judge Ronald George to dismiss charges against Mr Buono because of insufficient evidence. The chief prosecution witness was no longer reliable, he said.

But a surprising ruling the judge refused and asked the State Attorney-General to take the case over.

Mr William Casey, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, gave evidence under oath before the Senate intelligence committee today about his past business activities and his running of the agency since he took over at the beginning of this year.

The committee's investigation, which started yesterday with an examination of documents presented by Mr Casey, is being held in secret but it is becoming increasingly clear that the committee is unlikely to call for Mr Casey's resignation.

The investigation was brought about by the quick resignation two weeks ago of Mr Max Hugel, his chief of covert operations, after disclosure of alleged financial improprieties by Mr Hugel.

# CIA director confident of keeping his job

From Our Own Correspondent, Washington, July 29

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# Zambian unions meet on arrests

From Stephen Taylor, Lusaka, July 29

The Zambia Congress of Trade Unions has summoned emergency meetings starting tomorrow to consider the detention by President Kenneth Kaunda of the country's top trade union leader and three of his colleagues on Monday.

The meetings, announced by the ministerial office of ZCTU still at liberty, is the first response by the union movement to the arrest of Mr Frederick Chiluba, the chairman of the organization, Mr Newstead Zimba, the general secretary, two other officials and a businessman.

The detentions were ordered at what appeared to be the end of more than a week of industrial unrest in the vital Copperbelt region. In the midst of the crisis, last week, President Kaunda decided not to attend today's royal wedding in London.

In a brief press statement last night which was approved by the Government, Mr Herbert Bwewe, the deputy chairman of the ZCTU, emphasized the gravity of the situation and urged union leaders and members to ensure peace and calm. This was seen as an attempt to forestall any violence of the kind that flared briefly last week.

Mr Bwewe said that meetings of the ZCTU executive committee and general council would already have been scheduled for Friday and Saturday — to review relations with the ruling party and the government — would be held earlier

# Party pact sought in Argentina

From Andrew McLeod, Buenos Aires, July 29

A military grouping has called on all sectors of the country, including the armed forces, to draw up a national project which would lead to national reconciliation and an orderly solution to Argentina's political and economic crisis.

The group, which includes the Radical, Peronist, Intransigent, Christian Democratic and Movement for Industrial Development parties, called in a statement for a return to the rule of law, the drafting of a political plan and an emergency economic programme.

The statement, issued last night, said that Argentina's "current hardships arise from the lack of any participation of the people in utterly important decisions concerning the destiny of the fatherland."

The statement was sharply criticized by a conservative politician, Senator Horacio Arnut, secretary of the Democratic party, who said it resembled "old pacts which failed and which proved a fraud and led to the frustration of those who believed in it."

Senator Arnut was referring to a political pact between the Radicals and the Peronists in 1972 which led to the return of former President Juan Domingo Peron to power, widespread terrorism of the left and right, and a severe economic decline which resulted in military coup which deposed Peron's widow, Maria Estela, from office.

# Reagan pressure on tax Bill waverers

From Nicholas Ashford, Washington, July 29

There was a blitz of last-minute telephone calls to wavering congressmen from President Reagan and senior members of his Administration as well as from the public in an attempt to influence the crucial vote in the House of Representatives in favour of the President's tax cut Bill.

Mr Thomas O'Neill, the House Speaker, said the massive lobbying campaign had had a devastating effect on Democratic wavering. Although he still felt the Democrats' cynical plan had a chance of being accepted, he was no longer prepared to sustain the confidence in the Democratic wavering.

Hours before the House was due to choose between the two Bills, Mr O'Neill said congressional men like him, who had followed President Reagan's televised appeal on Monday.

Mr O'Neill said many of the callers were executives of large companies which stood to benefit from the cuts and other provisions.

Members of Congress on all

Handwritten text in Arabic script at the bottom of the page.



# Bani-Sadr flies to political asylum in France

From Charles Hargrove, Paris, July 29

Former President Abolhasan Bani-Sadr of Iran, arrived in France at 4.30 am in a Boeing 707 aircraft of the Iranian armed forces.

He landed at the military air base at Evreux, west of Paris, the landing strip used by former Emperor Bokassa of the Central African Empire in September, 1979, after his overthrow.

Mr Bani-Sadr applied for political asylum. That was granted by the Foreign Ministry on the express condition that he does not indulge in any political activity on French soil, in the words of an official statement issued by the Quai d'Orsay.

As soon as Mr Bani-Sadr's arrival in France was discovered, his extradition was demanded by the Iranian Government. But Mr Hassan Zaman, the Iranian Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, who was summoned to the Quai d'Orsay, was informed that the former President had applied for political asylum, and that the demand for his extradition would not be met.

Under strong police escort, Mr Bani-Sadr, who is 48, was driven from Evreux Air Base to Cachan, a suburb south of Paris, where he lived in exile from 1963 to 1979, and where he has a flat. His two daughters aged 16 and 18, who are at school, and their aunt, one of his sisters, are living there.

The flat, which is in a modest looking building, has been guarded by the police since June 20, when Mr Bani-Sadr disappeared in Tehran. On his arrival at Cachan the former head of state was welcomed by a large number of supporters, as well as a horde of photographers and reporters.

In an impromptu press conference at the foot of the stairs of the block of flats, he declared that he intended to remain in France until the day when the Iranian people open the way to democracy and will enjoy a political life worthy of the name.

He added that "recent developments and the popular resistance show that the Iranian people are determined to proceed on the path of revolution, and to oppose the terrorism of Khomeini".

He emphasized that he had chosen France as his place of exile because he had two daughters living here, and had spent many years in this country before the revolution in Iran.

Mr Bani-Sadr, who looked tired but relaxed, and had shaved off his bushy moustache, explained that since his overthrow, he had continued to live clandestinely in Tehran, under the protection of the people, and had been able to pursue his activities and move about freely.

The former head of state had at his side Mr Massoud Rajavi, one of the leaders of the left-wing organization of the People's Mujahideen, who had ensured his protection in Tehran and hidden him, and Colonel Behzad Moezi, of the Iranian Air Force, who organized his escape from M. Claude Cheysson, the Foreign Minister, declared at midday today, as he left the Prime Minister's Office, that "if Mr Bani-Sadr makes a political statement in France, he will place himself in contravention of the undertaking he has taken and even signed here this morning. If he does not make any political statements, Mr Bani-Sadr is free in France."

The minister recalled that the former President had applied for asylum, and that was granted on condition that he abstained from all political activity in France and on

French soil. "It is the general rule. There is no Bague, Central African or Cambodian rule. There are political refugees other than Mr Bani-Sadr."

He had not yet been informed of an extradition demand, but stated firmly: "There will be no extradition for political crimes and, a fortiori, for political offences. We shall only proceed to extradite people for common law crimes."

Colonel Behzad Moezi explained that yesterday he had submitted a flight plan for a Boeing 707 aircraft with a crew of five for a routine training mission in Iranian air space.

The aircraft had taken off at 22.30 from Tehran military airport and headed for Greece. About 23.15 the Iranian press agency reported the hijacking of an aircraft in Iran, and said that Iranian fighter aircraft had tried in vain to intercept it.

As the Boeing 707 carrying Mr Bani-Sadr, who was accompanied by five other people was flying over Greece, the crew notified the local air traffic control that it had been hijacked.

At Evreux, the crew told the French authorities that they had been compelled under threat to make for France. They demanded to be repatriated as soon as possible. The Quai d'Orsay announced that the aircraft would be returned to Iran.

By order of M. Charles Hernu, the Defence Minister, who as soon as he was informed early today contacted the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister, strict security precautions were taken at Evreux before the aircraft landed. No one was allowed to approach it. The base is earmarked to receive aircraft such as hijacked aircraft.

Mr Bani-Sadr will not be received with open arms by other Iranian refugees living in France. A member of the staff of Mr Shapur Bakhtiar, the former Iranian Prime Minister, also living in exile outside Paris, declared this morning that Mr Bani-Sadr "had no place alongside Iranian nationalists."

He was the President of the Islamic Republic, the head of the armed forces of the present regime, and co-opted as a member of the "Mullahs", he emphasized.

He had appointed Ayatollah Khomeini as head of the Islamic Republic. "Iranian nationalists cannot regard such a man as being part of the opposition to the regime of the Mullahs," but it was normal that France, a land of welcome, should grant asylum to all those who applied for it.

The French Government's decision to do so in the case of Mr Bani-Sadr, said, certainly brings about further deterioration in the already strained relations between Paris and Tehran. It could endanger the security of the 15 or so French diplomats, and the 100 French nationals still living in Iran.

The departure of the former Shah for the United States and the refusal of the American authorities to extradite him led immediately to the taking of American diplomats at the embassy in Tehran in September, 1979.

There is a difference, however, because Ayatollah Khomeini enjoyed political asylum in this country from autumn 1978 to February, 1979 and stirred up revolution in Iran from his home in Nauphle-Château, west of Paris.

Several members of the late Shah's family and several political opponents of the Khomeini regime live in exile here.



Mr Bani-Sadr, former President of Iran, speaking freely in Paris yesterday.

## The ex-President's own story

# Khomeini's heavy responsibility for the tragedy of Iran

By Hahzir Teimourian, who interviewed Mr Bani-Sadr by telephone soon after the former Iranian leader arrived in Paris.

Q. Mr Bani-Sadr, we were led to believe that you were determined to stay inside the country. What made you change your mind?

A. I very much hope that my stay abroad will be temporary this time. One of my aims was to stop the cycle of explosions and acts of destruction on the one hand and Government reprisals and executions on the other. I contacted Mr Khomeini many times, directly and indirectly, but my requests were not accepted by him.

I subsequently thought it useful to visit abroad after the elections, because the people of Iran demonstrated how unpopular those who have usurped power are. According to our findings only about three million people voted in the Presidential elections. The regime fabricated the other 11 million.

I still believe myself to be duty-bound to the nation to struggle for the realization of our original aims at the start of the revolution. Mr Khomeini promised me personally many times before the revolution in Paris to respect the right of the people of Iran to democratic liberties.

I was myself actively involved then in formulating our

aims. But unfortunately, when we succeeded in attaining government, the lust after power stopped our progress towards achieving our goals. In fact, quite the reverse has been achieved.

Q. How much is the ayatollah at the mercy of those who surround him? Do they mislead and misinform him, in your view, or do you hold him personally responsible for the tragedy?

A. It is irrelevant whether he knows what he is doing or not. I have accepted full responsibility for all my actions, even though some of them can now be seen not have been the best course. I think that Mr Khomeini bears heavy responsibility for the appalling disaster that has befallen the country. To a large extent, he has imposed this course upon our people.

Q. There has been press speculation here that your best option might be to join the Kurds in the western region of the country where they exercise full control. It is thought that given the present reign of chaos in the ayatollahs' Iran, you could overthrow the Tehran government from the safety of that region which you could

proclaim a liberated zone. What is your view on this subject?

A. I have never seriously contemplated that path. In fact, I remained in Tehran throughout the period of my hiding. No, we must think of a faster solution to the problem for the whole of the country. We must try to find a quicker way of overthrowing the absolutists who just after power only, and we must stop the Americans from installing a government in Iran. It is urgent.

Q. How temporary do you expect this your second exile in Paris to be?

A. Very temporary.

Q. While you were in hiding, did you contact other opposition leaders who are also in hiding? For example, Mr Hedayat, Mr Dastgheibi, leader of the National Democratic Front and a former friend of yours?

A. No, there were no such contacts made.

Q. Finally, could I ask you how you arranged for your flight abroad?

A. We simply arranged it with the people in charge and went to the military airport, where the plane was waiting for us. Of course it was dangerous, but life is full of such dangers.

## Spain and Nato

# A change in strategic emphasis

Spain has completed preliminary soundings with all 15 member-nations about joining the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. In this article, another tomorrow, Richard Wigg examines what Spain offers Nato; how membership will affect Spain's armed forces; and what a new partner on the Iberian peninsula will mean for Portugal, a founder member.

A country's geography is immutable, but political events elsewhere and the techniques of warfare can profoundly alter its geostrategic significance. The decision of the Government of Señor Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo to ask Parliament this autumn to approve Spain's entry into Nato comes when events of the past few years have greatly increased the importance of Spain for Western defence.

With its Canary Islands situated just above the tropic of Cancer, Spain lies along the most significant shipping lane for the West today, the Atlantic route used by 400 ships a day. These include the tankers too large for Suez, bringing 65 per cent of the oil consumed by non-communist Europe. But with the hinterland of the Straits of Gibraltar (more important than the rock today) and its Balearic islands, Spain also commands much of the western Mediterranean and the North African coast.

The successive oil crises since 1973, the fall of the Shah of Iran, the invasion of Afghanistan and other signs of increased Soviet aggressiveness in the region have all heightened Spain's importance for Nato strategists. So has peninsula's long-standing value as a vast logistical base for the central front in West Germany.

American-made P3 Orion maritime surveillance aircraft piloted by Spanish Air Force crews regularly watch Soviet submarine movements in Atlantic waters, a contribution to Western defence preparedness carried out bilaterally with the Americans under the Treaty of Cooperation and Friendship. The Reagan Administration is negotiating the renewal of this treaty, which runs out in September, aiming to get wider staging facilities for its rapid deployment force in the event of a big Middle East flare-up. This would end subterfuges like fuelling American aircraft in mid-air from tanker-planes which have gone up from the United States bases in Spain.

The recent visit to Washington by the Spanish Foreign Minister showed that the Madrid Government and the military leaders are anxious to exploit heightened American interest in order to re-equip Spain's armed forces with modern United States weapons. A moderniza-



Señor Calvo Sotelo: Request to Parliament.

tion programme for the decade of the 80s is underway and defence spending has tripled in monetary terms since the advent of democracy. But it has been estimated that the programme would cost over three times as much if Spain goes it alone than with help from the main Nato countries.

Except for ultra right-wing elements, identified with the attempted coup in February, Spain's senior officers accept the Government's decision to enter Nato above all because it means the prospect of better equipment and promotions (helped by a new law to rejuvenate command structures more in accordance with Nato age limits and the demands of round-the-clock modern warfare).

"Only the Navy is ready to join Nato," a leading Spanish politician with a good knowledge of defence affairs told me. He was speaking in terms of equipment, defence preparedness and training, for the Navy has best appreciated how to take advantage of American aid under the bilateral treaty; and within Nato it has obvious roles both in the North Atlantic and the western Mediterranean. Yet of all the services, the Navy has evolved least towards democracy, with nostalgia persisting for the peace and order of Franco times.

Nevertheless the main problem lies with the Army, which has never defended Spain's frontiers in modern times and was organized by Franco against a threat from within: the elite Brigade Armoured Division and the Parachute Brigade are both

stationed around Madrid. Both the Defence Ministry and the joint general staffs committee have been studying the formation of a special Nato force to be sent to West Germany. The ministry is hoping that the greater integration into Nato of Spain's armed forces and the less risk there will be of the generals perpetuating the nineteenth century tradition of *pronunciamientos*. For their part, the general staffs expect that the force might accelerate the delivery and financing of modern, standardized Nato equipment.

Spain's geostrategic potential led to the setting up under the bilateral treaty of the American base—the aeronaval base at Rota, near Cadiz, and the Air Force bases at Torrejon near Madrid and at Saragossa, together with a string of other facilities including links in the American strategic communications network, oil pipelines and storage depots. It has already brought about a *de facto* degree of integration in Western defence, which only the unrealistic can ignore.

But faced by the declared opposition of the Socialist Party of Señor Felipe Gonzalez to Nato membership, backed by a strong section of public opinion, the ruling Centre Democratic Union party (UCD) is loath to give open battle.

A Socialist defence expert admitted to me that his party finds it difficult to maintain that the national interest is best served by staying out of Nato. He even admitted the liberal constitutional-minded service see their professional group interests best served by entering.

The Socialists also have the awkward case to argue that the bilateral relationship with the United States and the continuance of American bases serves Spain's interests and defence capabilities better than becoming fully integrated in Nato as its sixteenth member.

But against this, the Socialists can count on the disbelief of the majority of ordinary Spaniards that joining Nato will by itself prevent future coup attempts by right-wing Army officers.

If realism dictates that Spain's place must be inside Nato, realism equally dictates doubts on the effects of membership on domestic military ambitions. Even with a Nato brigade in Germany far too few officers will be exposed to international contacts over the next five years, the vital period for Spain's new democracy.

A senior officer from a Nato country, who recently visited Spain, privately pronounced afterwards that it would be a long time before many Spanish Army officers fully understood democracy.

Tomorrow: A partner for Portugal

## French MPs in clash on power for the regions

From Charles Hargrove, Paris, July 29

The France of Colbert, the Jacobins and Napoleon is being dismantled at the gallop. The National Assembly has begun discussion of a Government Bill, which in 300 years, if not more, of centralization.

It will place local administration in the hands of elected assemblies, abolish the prefects as the all powerful representatives of the central Government in the departments and regions, and turn them into commissioners of the Republic.

This reform will produce a more fundamental change in French society than any others the Government has announced. Even by handling it at break-neck speed, the Assembly is hardly likely to get through the first two chapters of the Bill, at the Government would wish, before it breaks up for the summer at the end of this week.

M. Gaston Defferre, the Minister of the Interior, regards this reform, which will require a number of other Bills and two years altogether to see it through Parliament as his great life work. He refused to become president of the National Assembly to see it through.

In his opening speech, he maintained that the reform was based on two principles: freedom and responsibility; freedom for local authorities to administer themselves freely; responsibility to do so wisely.

"Decentralization is neither facility, nor neglect, nor disorder. It implies great rigour and if necessary exemplary actions."

The debate revealed a strange cleavage. The right, albeit with reservations, defended the authority of the central government; the left, traditionally Jacobin, was upholding the rights of the regions and departments.

It was natural that M. Michel Debré, the former Gaullist Prime Minister, and an arch-defender of the state against all regionalisms and particularisms, should take M. Defferre sharply to task.

"You are charged with decentralization, not outside the context of the state, but as the constitution requires it, within it. To act otherwise is to act against the constitution," he said.

The Gaullists had decided to use every procedural device in the book to block or delay the discussion of the Bill. But the overwhelming majority steamrollered all their objections, and revealed the powerlessness of the Opposition to deter the Government from its determined course.

The motion of M. Debré that the Bill could not be tabled because it was unconstitutional being inspired by a federal, not a unitary, conception of France, was swept aside.

But other less uncompromising upholders of the "republican and indivisible" among the Gaullists and even more among the Centreists, while acknowledging the need to loosen the deadening hand of the central administration on French society, deplored the precipitancy and imprecision of the Bill.

"We hope for decentralization, but we deplore the political orientation of the Bill," one of them said.

The discussion degenerated into a battle of amendments, 250 of which have been tabled on the 44 articles of the first two chapters of the Bill.

The authorities also feel that support committees for prisoners had contributed to some escapes by increasing prisoners' discontent.

## Jail breaks shock Belgians

From Ian Murray Brussels, July 29

The number of escapes from Belgian prisons has called into question the design of the country's most modern jail at Lantin, near Liège, which was opened about two years ago.

It was conceived as a high-security prison without bars, built as a tower block. There were bullet-proof windows instead of grills.

Last Friday three prisoners smashed one of the windows with a fire extinguisher and escaped, after holding warders hostage at knife-point. They were recaptured, but the ease of their escape is calling into question the prison regime and the architecture of the Lantin jail.

In an interview today with the *La Libre Belgique* newspaper, Mr Julien de Ridder, Director General of the prison service, said the tower-block idea, widespread in Europe recently, was now recognized as a mistake. From their windows the prisoners could see over the walls, see visitors coming and going and make signs to people. In consequence, the idea had been abandoned for a new prison being built at Bruges.

Mr de Ridder criticized the warders. He said they had not always adhered to regulations and thus facilitated escapes. He blamed this on the fact that training for recruits had been too rapid after a strike by warders in 1979.

The authorities also feel that support committees for prisoners had contributed to some escapes by increasing prisoners' discontent.

They are also concerned about the disaffection of the

## Spanish Communist leader set to repel his critics

From Harry Debelius, Madrid, July 29

Victory seemed assured here today for Señor Santiago Carrillo, the secretary general of the Spanish Communist Party, after a fiery speech in which he threatened to expel those who are trying to oust him from the party leadership.

The crucial vote, due tomorrow, will decide whether Señor Carrillo, the originator of Eurocommunism, can hold out against "renovators" and "Afghans" who want to depose him, but for different reasons.

The "renovators" argue that the internal organization of the party is undemocratic and conflicts with its Eurocommunist line. The "Afghans", so called because of their refusal to condemn the Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan, feel he is too soft.

The "renovators", who also want to rejuvenate the party leadership, are estimated to control about one quarter to one third of the votes of the more than 1,200 delegates to the party's tenth congress, which opened here yesterday.

They are also concerned about the disaffection of the

intellectuals and what they consider excessive emphasis on the mobilization of workers.

Señor Carrillo, who led Spain's Communists through much of the Franco era and remained at the head of the party in the post-Franco era, defended himself by counter-attacking those who would unseat him.

He took time off from the heated debates at the congress to accept an invitation from Señor Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, the Prime Minister, this afternoon for an exchange of views about domestic affairs.

The Prime Minister scheduled similar separate meetings with the heads of all main parties, primarily for the purpose of discussing home rule policies.

The ruling Centre Democratic Union also dealt with a split within its ranks at a meeting yesterday of the party's executive committee, at which it was decided to draft a document chiding 39 of its parliamentary deputies and 22 senators for signing a conservative manifesto which accused the party of ignoring its election promises.

## Russia accuses Pakistan

Moscow, July 29.—The Soviet Union said today that a new United Nations initiative on the Afghanistan crisis had little chance of success, if Pakistan did not change its entire attitude to Afghanistan.

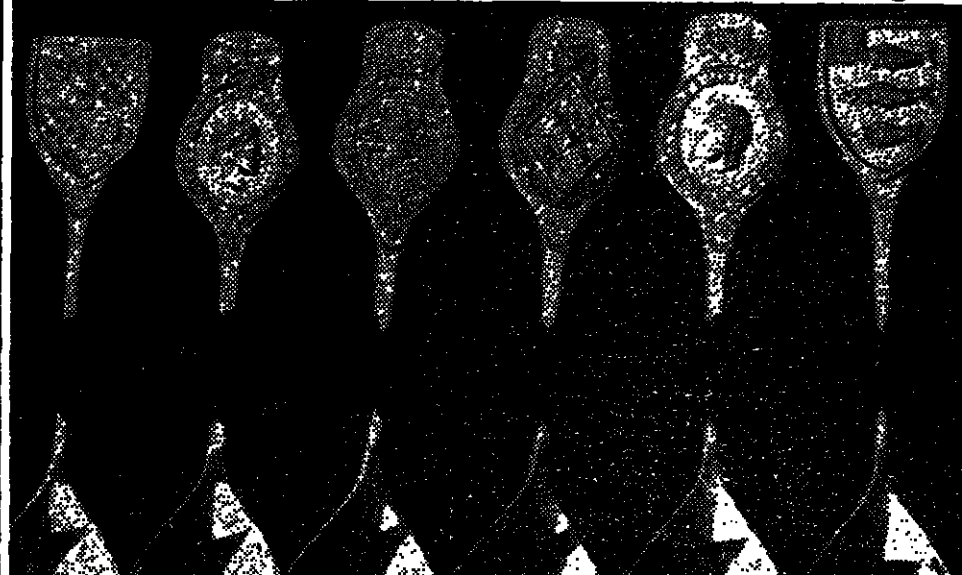
Tass said that a planned visit to Islamabad next week by a United Nations special envoy had a genuine chance of success if Pakistan and other states in the region stopped "trying

to cancel the gains of the Afghan revolution."

Señor Javier Perez Cuellar, the special envoy, is expected to go to Kabul from Pakistan where he will try to find a basis for negotiations aimed ultimately at securing a withdrawal of Soviet troops.

Tass also reiterated Soviet opposition to an initiative by the EEC over Afghanistan—Reuters.

## In a limited edition of 1,000 only in solid sterling silver and gold



# The Royal Marriage Spoons

THEY came back together yesterday from St. Paul's in three separate coaches: the Prince of Wales with his new bride, the Queen with Earl Spencer, the bride's father, and Prince Philip with the bride's mother—the first public signal of the new family link created by the fact of the marriage itself. That link is of such significance to the future of the British monarchy that it deserves now its own special commemoration.

The International Historical Collection has devised therefore a set of six solid sterling silver spoons—one for each of the six principal members of the two families joined together yesterday by the ceremony of a Royal Wedding.

It is an edition as unique as the occasion itself.

The centrepiece of the collection is, inevitably, the two spoons of the Prince and Princess of Wales. His bears the Arms which identify him as Her Apparent and Prince of Wales. Hers bears a distinctive "lozenge" design taken from her family Arms, and with a bridal surround of a "true loves bow".

Then, on either side, are the spoons of the Queen and Prince Philip, presented as classic portrait-medallions inside a surround of the Garter, and surmounted by the appropriate Crowns. Flanking these are the spoons of Earl Spencer and of the Princess of Wales's mother, as daughter of the 4th Baron Fernyho.

The sets, in solid sterling silver with crests finished in 24 carat gold, are restricted to only 1,000 examples at an inclusive price of £225 each. Every spoon is individually hallmarked, and the sets are delivered in hand-made presentation cases.

In addition to the full sets, subscribers may separately acquire the two Prince and Princess of Wales spoons as a pair only—in hallmarked solid sterling silver with crests finished in 24 carat gold, at an inclusive price of £95 per pair. But in no circumstances will the limit of 1,000 full sets be exceeded.

Which manufacture permitted only until September 30, early application is particularly requested. The spoons are an exceptional commemoration, and one which will be prized as a family heirloom for generations to come.

Orders may be placed either by completing the order coupon below, or for subscribers who wish to keep this society newspaper intact—by ordinary letter. To order in writing, simply follow the form of words used in the coupon.

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☐ set(s) of six solid sterling silver spoons in the limited edition of 1,000 only at the official issue price of £225 per set inclusive of all charges and presentation case.

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# The pathos and the power of chastity

Edith Sitwell

A Unicorn Among Lions  
By Victoria Glendinning

(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.95)

Edith Sitwell was born in Scarborough Cricket Week and came of age during Doncaster Races, on both occasions considerably inconveniencing her parents at a high point of the social and sporting Yorkshire year. She continued to inconvenience them by her intractable character and extraordinary appearance. Even as a child she looked like an ageless, pointy little creature from the fairy paintings of Fuseli and Richard Dadd. But humorous, and dangerous, about the eyes, already that of a fox, always a little outside life, she liked to say. There was pride in it, but sadness too.

Since she became, among other things, a mistress of personal publicity, her literary reputation never took a slow and natural course; it arrived with an explosion, she plunged, rose again to new heights, slipped gently downhill. She may yet turn out to be what she believed herself to be, our finest woman poet, but the stock market is not the place for her. Her work is too good to be buried in the dust of time. (We have no gift-edged issue like Emily Dickinson) Brownings continue more bullish than when Edith was alive, and Rossetti hold steady, but Sitwells show every sign of recovery after years of respectful neglect.

She always enjoyed greatest acclaim during periods of public hysteria or distress: the Twenties of *Facade*, the Cold War of *Street Songs* with the much-anthologized "Still falls the rain". She wrote for a living: there is marvellous stuff in her prose potboilers like *Fanfare for Elizabeth* and *Victoria of England*, but also a fair amount of what her music had heroine

Nellie Wallace (for whom, to her joy, she was once mistaken outside Finsbury Park Empire) would have called Vamping Till Ready. What she lacked in scholarship and evident meaning she made up for in panache and instinctive sound, and it may be that we are ready for her particular incantations once again.

Should that prove true, Victoria Glendinning's book will have been a turning point. Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell — "God's own Peter Pan's family" — Wyndham Lewis called them — have so often been examined as an indivisible phenomenon that Miss Glendinning appears to have written the first full-scale life and study of Edith alone. The result is a book unusually rich in detail, with wisdom, sympathy and wit. She draws copiously on unpublished material and published memoirs, particularly the latest and most irresistible of the Sitwellian triptychs, John Pennefather's (1978), which she acknowledges, but what is quite new in Sitwell biography is the deep empathy with which the public and private life of this famous and difficult subject is approached.

We get close enough to be too shocked and almost repelled by Edith, without ever seeming to peer impudently, which she would not have liked. Impertinence was high on the Sitwell list of virtues, and though not as high as disloyalty and ingratitude, whether in the wretched Pavel Tschelitchew, ill-chosen love of her life, or any of the young substitutes whose work she raved in his absence, in (as she saw it) T. S. Eliot to John Hayward, or from his fellow-citizens to the dying Beau Nash in her potboiler, *Beith* (1978). Her own loyalty to dependants like Helen Koorham and her sister was often tried by their suffering, but it never let up. Many of her letters are

very funny indeed. Servants loved her. "So Edith remained chaste" writes Miss Glendinning in the first chapter of all, "from a mixture of circumstance, infantile regression, death wish, pride, and, as in the nursery rhyme, 'Nobody asked me, sir she said'. She goes on:

An English gentleman of her time had less difficulty in keeping the world of sex away from her own consciousness or in social life. The eye and ear were not then subjected to a continuous barrage of sexual reference. She projected, into the dignity, the pathos and the power of chastity.

Her appearance was, of course, stuperbous, and contemporary reviewers, trying to do it justice, Virginia Woolf compared her to the Emperor Helioagabalus, an ivory elephant, Pope in a nightcap, and the bone of a hare, picked white and studded with emeralds (she practised her writing scales on descriptions of Edith). Others compared her to a Flemish madonna, a hieratic figure in Limoges enamel, a sculpture from the West Front at Chartres, Queen Elizabeth I and Father Zossima in *The Brothers Karamazov*. In New York, Gotham City, where she enjoyed a series of outrageous triumphs from 1948 on, she was considered gothic enough to hang bells over. She was not to be left out of the game herself: "Beaked like a harpy", she wrote of her maternal grandmother "she had queer-rooted Byzantine eyes, and these characteristics I have inherited from her". She loved having herself painted and photographed, and the celebrated prints in the book are often memorable and never dull.

She did not have nervous breakdowns, but went on to nervous collapse. It was then that she most needed protection. She hated hatred above all things, but could never quite escape it, either of



Portrait of Edith in the early 1920s by C. R. W. Nevinson

or, in herself. It was partly to mitigate her near-hatred of Osbert's lifelong lover and companion, as Osbert's illness became worse, that she became a Catholic in the Fifties. Unfortunately it didn't work. On the other hand, she loved a good scrap in public, and in her lifelong battling and feuding there is something of the wooden horse violence of Alice in Wonderland, with more than a flash, from time to time, of the Red Queen: "I shall be in fearful trouble with all the Americans", she wrote to John Lehmann as she prepared her

anthology of American verse, for not putting them all in. I shall therefore say on my Preface that this is the First Volume only, and that of course they will all come in Second. And then there will be no Second!

Michael Ratcliffe

# The Timerman story

Prisoner without a name, Cell without a number  
By Jacobo Timerman

(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £7.95)

Former President Jimmy Carter in a letter earlier this month to his erstwhile Cabinet members and aides, declared it "almost unbelievable" that members of the present administration could question the credibility of this important, timely and intensely moving book. Such is the impact it has had on the current foreign policy debate (if such you can call it) in the United States.

Jacob Timerman's misfortune, it seems, is to have been imprisoned and tortured without charge for two years by a right-wing government and a right-wing newspaper in Argentina — that in Argentina, one of those defined by Jean Kirkpatrick, American Ambassador to the United Nations, as an "authoritarian regime".

The fact that 10,000 other Argentines, many of them Jewish, have disappeared without trace over the past decade has been coolly passed over by conservative columnists anxious to prevent Timerman undermining the Argentinean code of ethics. The fact that Timerman himself is Jewish, in common with many of his leading critics, has prompted parallels with mid-1930s Germany.

The William F. Buckley and Irving Kristol school of thought (are they I sometimes wonder, of this world?) have sought to discredit Timerman, the former editor of *La Opinion*, Argentina's leading liberal newspaper, by questioning the morals of

the newspaper's co-proprietor and suggesting that Timerman impeded the Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal's quest for Joseph Mengele. Wiesenthal himself has recently said that Buckley is misrepresenting his past statements.

The facts are chillingly simple. An Argentinean man, "At dawn one morning in April 1977, some twenty armed men in civilian clothes invaded our apartment in midtown Buenos Aires. . . . They blindfolded me, threw me to the floor in the back of the car, cover me with the blanket, stick their feet on top of me, and jam what feels like one but of a gun against my spine. . . ."

His family did not hear of him for six weeks, when he telephoned them from the national police headquarters to say he could be visited for three minutes. For the next two years, by his own vivid account, he was subjected to an ordeal of solitary confinement and electric shock, torture which many others did not survive. His captors seemed to be enjoying themselves most when shouting "Jew! . . . Jew! . . . Jew!" as they wired electrodes to his genitals.

No charge was ever brought against him. Twice, following interventions by President Carlos Menem, the Argentine Supreme Court ruled that he must be released. He was not.

Finally, in September 1979, under continuing pressure from the Carter administration, the authorities summarily annulled Timerman's citizenship, confiscated his newspaper and all his other property, refused him any access to an appeal court, and put him on a plane to Israel.

"Need one add," asks Timerman, "that Argentine newspapers, jurists, political leaders of the Government, Jewish community leaders — all those who will one day claim they knew nothing, like the Germans who claimed total unawareness of the existence of the concentration camps — congratulate the government for obeying a court ruling and faithfully respecting the majesty of justice?"

He is not, unsurprisingly, a forgiving man. He names names, and does not spare the reader the details of the mental and physical anguish he endured. Another Argentine newspaper editor who has also been imprisoned, says remarks in his review for an American paper that this book is something of a manual for those who may one day have to attempt to survive such an ordeal.

But it is more, much more. Timerman's testimony should prove a lasting work of prison literature, whole worlds being conjured up in a rare "conversation" between two imprisoned men through peepholes. It also deserves a lasting place in the now neglected history of the movement of US foreign policy making.

Already Timerman's silent presence in the Senate confirmation chamber has disposed of Ernest Leferer, President Reagan's unsuccessful nominee to succeed Miss Derian. As his book proceeds to a wider audience throughout the West, it may also serve to bring pressure on President Reagan not to abandon the one consistent and rich seam of his predecessor's conduct of external relations.

Anthony Holden

# A public private life

Bertrand Russell and his World

By Ronald Clark

(Thames & Hudson, £5.95)

Bertrand Russell is, I think, the first philosopher to be celebrated in this Thames and Hudson series of small-scale coffee-table books. But I may have missed another, since volumes come and go; Darwin, Henry James, Scott and Sygne have slipped off the list in the last couple of years. Philosophers are not usually the subject of such a series, and their appearance is seldom pleasantly memorable and their visual surroundings are not very interesting in themselves and have negligible relevance to what makes the philosophers worth studying.

As it turns out, Ronald Clark's Russell is presented as a philosopher only in a future, or at any rate secondary way; the centre of attention is his public career as social critic and his distinctly public private life. This is really not a bad thing since it is clear from his finely detailed large biography, out of which this book is distilled, that Ronald Clark is not comfortable

with philosophy. Even the presentation of Russell's philosophy of mathematics in a nutshell, quickly slipped in between accounts of a visit to America in 1896 and falling in love with Whitehead in 1901, is perceptibly insecure.

But, as might be expected, *Bertrand Russell and his World*, provides a readable and reliable survey of a more concrete and straightforward aspect of its subject's career. What is more, Ronald Clark handles the inflammable topics — Russell's later political megalomania, his private adventures, his aristocratic habit of command — with charity and good sense.

There are good pictures of some of Russell's women. One of Alys, taken three years after he married her, shows that she was not such an ill-judged enterprise as more familiar pictures, emphasizing a massive jaw, have suggested. Nevertheless she could not compare with her sister Mary, Eberley's wife, much a more elegant and excellent one. Ottoline Morrell comes off better from the camera than from the caricaturing brush of Augustus John. A picture of Lucy Donnelly is calculated to encourage acceptance

of the accompanying caption's reference to the platonic nature of her friendship with Russell.

Here and there things seem to have gone awry in the last of the last of the late-Victorian Cambridge undergraduate is identified as "Charles Trevelyan, later Master of Trinity". Whoever he is, he is not the Charles Trevelyan who developed the rat-trap mouth of the late-Victorian Cambridge undergraduate, who did become Master, without major surgery. (Charles was twice Labour President of the Board of Education.) The square-headed, craggy young man with a moustache is represented as Aldous Huxley in a group at Garston.

It would be a wonderful thing if some researcher were to find a cache of pictures of Wittgenstein other than that weary old faithful in which he is jauntily revealed in his zip jacket, nostrils flaring with aggression, as if about to address some Cubes who have left the seat in a mess. In this book a fine page of mockery from *Private Eye* supplies acceptable compensation.

Anthony Quinton

# Towards a freer, richer China

Coming Alive

China after Mao

By Roger Garside

(Andre Deutsch, £8.95)

For the past fifteen years, the truth about what has been going on in China is stranger than fiction. Only some of the novelists have come close to capturing the sheer bizarreness of the Cultural Revolution and after.

Roger Garside — diplomat and China scholar — has done really first-rate material to work with in compiling this most accurate, readable book full of insights. Speaking and reading Chinese, being in Peking at a crucial period, and knowing the background, and licensed by his Embassy to enquire into all matters of legitimate interest, he reaped a rich harvest of fact. Nor has he tried to conceal that much of his documentation on the

details of the political infighting came from two or three Hongkong-based publications, especially the daily *Ming Pao* and the weekly *South China Morning News*, renowned for their reporting on Chinese affairs.

Mr Garside has a nice, easy style, good metaphors and a good personal touch. He has produced what will undoubtedly be read as a textbook on the period for years to come, without a textbook dryness. I especially liked the opening to his chapter nine:

As the autumn of 1978 turned to winter and the snow began to ripen in the Valley of the Ming Tombs, spheres of brilliant orange on grey branches and the fragrant breeze brought the political situation to maturity also.

The author's image of Chinese politics is hilarious: it is an elaborate acrobatic show, in which the foreign spectators sit peering out from a smoked glass box, and hold cocktail

parties whenever they get bored with the action.

The book is essentially a chronicle of the years which saw the death of Mao, the comeback of Deng Xiaoping, and the cancellation of the Chinese left-radical experiment.

The latest denunciations of Mao's last two decades in power simply justify Mr Garside's critique of that period and its ghastly consequences for hundreds of millions of people.

Like many other lovers of China, Mr Garside is delighted to see the country's transition to a freer, richer life (hence the title), though the world's most clear-eyed critics are still not very free nor very rich.

A unique feature of the book is the wealth of primary material in the form of poems, wall posters and tracts which he has collected and translated into plain, clear English. Mr Garside's book is a gem, though much of it is, as the documentation offers a glimpse

into Chinese souls at one of the most crucial turning points in their modern history.

It would be illuminating to know how exactly the news of the fall of the Gang of Four first reached the ears of the foreign press in Peking. Professional discretion seems to have taken the upper hand here.

One would have also wished to see more portraits of the Chinese activists whom Mr Garside knew, but it is understandable that he has avoided hinting at their identity except in the case of the intelligent but quixotic Wei Jingsheng, who recalls nobody more closely than Vladimir Bukovsky, one of the real heroes of the Soviet protest movement.

A memorable statement by one dissenter is quoted. The person in question had been trying to beg a mimeograph machine from foreigners in China — dynamite if it were discovered by the authorities.

Mr Garside, like the others, refused to help him on the grounds that it would be interference in China's internal affairs. He asked when the dissenter's readers would think if they knew he had obtained foreign assistance in distributing his opinions. He quotes:

They would be delighted that foreign money was at last going to a worthy cause, to help them struggle for something worthwhile. They have seen our leaders go around the world seeking billions of dollars of foreign loans and imports for large-scale projects and they would be glad to see a mimeograph put to work for democracy.

It is not amiss to congratulate the Foreign and Commonwealth Office on its broad-mindedness in letting a serving officer publish such a topical book. It should be done more often, for it can only enhance the prestige of Britain's diplomats.

David Bonavia

# Fiction

Wild Harbour

By Ian Macpherson

(Paul Harris, £6.95)

Of Age and Innocence

By George Lamming

(Allison & Busby, £7.95)

Bread Upon the Waters

By Irwin Shaw

(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.95)

Dames

By Elizabeth North

(Cape, £6.95)

Survival seems to be the matter of the moment and of memory. Not only the survival of ourselves in the cities, but also the survival of our good books. Most publishers declare that they cannot afford to keep books in print that sell slowly, but surely. Their survival involves remembering. Without the good books that instruct us, we do not have the tools which our minds need use. *Wild Harbour* is a forgotten book on survival that has been resurrected. Written by Ian Macpherson shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War, it tells the story of a Scots couple who flee the certain war to come and live like two Crusoes in a mountain cave. Their existence is no idyll. "The callous earth, unchanged in war and pestilence," Macpherson wrote, "beckoned time as if there were no men, and we lived there that strict country." This

disciplined living becomes a tragedy of Hobbesian society as war reduces human beings to savagery. The refugee couple's one act of pity and their decision to rejoin humankind result in their deaths. Between the hardness and loneliness of primitive withdrawal and the breakdown of social anarchy, *Wild Harbour* sets down a survival and moral manual which suggests the stubborn and noble qualities that may make some of us endure another holocaust. It is a tract for past times that applies even more to these times. All praise to the publisher who has reminded us of it.

George Lamming's *Of Age and Innocence* is another good book well revived from oblivion. First published in 1958, it is set in the West Indian island of San Cristobal. It describes the events leading up to the first general election on the colonial island, where the blacks and the Indians and the Chinese immigrants are being united under the charismatic leadership of the mystic Shepherd. They are learning to forget their ethnic divisions in common need to end white rule.

Lamming has an extraordinary grasp of the social and feel of place and situation, also a grace of description which can approach Conrad. He has, too, a talent for plotting, so that the insignificant objects become a terrible significance. In this book, a lighter passed round a secret society of three boys becomes the instrument for burning down a school of later generations. Her way the island is being run. With the recent praiseworthy republication of another two of his novels, we are reminded of what a major novelist of the West Indies.

In the volumes of his writing, it is difficult to remember that Irwin Shaw is a good writer. The quantity of his prose

deluges the quality. We cannot judge the sentences for the series of long books. Bread Upon the Waters has an important plot. It tells the story of an idealist's family in New York, which rescues a devil's advocate from mugging in Central Park. The victim turns out to be a Faustian figure, who involves the good family in the evil and corruption of his choices and standards. There is a hard and illuminating tale in Shaw's novel, but it is embedded in the surfeit of the American disease — that obesity of detail and motive which makes the pages plump. Shaw does not cast his bread upon the waters. He casts his cake — and lets us eat it.

Elizabeth North's *Dames* deals, in its way, with memory and survival, but from the potted biographies collected in a girl's school magazine. Five girls form a group at the school, calling themselves the Ambers. They set themselves against the Worthies, those who strive or become prefects. Their aims are negative. They are heavy, public-spirited, or liked by the staff. Their least member is called Mousiey.

*Dames* intercuts between the entries in the school magazine and the Ambers' past and present lives. At the age of forty-one, Mousiey flies to Ethiopia and reads on the acropolis what is happening in the Ambers' and other Old Damians. With this shrewd device, Elizabeth North can contrast the hopes of adolescence with the quiet desperation of later existence. Her prose is laconic and evocative. This is a book which should be read by any mother who has seen a private girl school. But the book falls where George Lamming and Ian Macpherson succeeded. She does not find the universals in her particulars. She talks of some people, not to all of us.

Andrew Sinclair



Love Until it Hurts by Daphne Rae (Hodder & Stoughton, £2.95). A tribute to Mother Teresa and the work of the men and women of the Missionaries of Charity, who set up homes for the destitute and dying, and for unwanted children.

entirely free of that. The book is preceded by a foreword implying that most of its account is true. Such a claim is unnecessary. There is in the fiction everywhere the stamp of a deeper truth than merely actuality. Read it.

*Tondo for Short*, by Peter Ingham (Collins, £6.50). Theft of a Michelangelo sends Cockney-Florentine Art Squad 'tec to Soho, Hampstead, Italy. Little inclined to wander off story, but an attractive debut.

*Mind over Murder*, by William Kienzle (Hodder & Stoughton, £6.95). Heavy-handed, pulpy-on-sex but a fairly readable story of murder with Catholicism in Detroit. It's an eye-opener.

*No One Knows My Name*, by Joyce Harrington (Macmillan, £5.95). Disappearing-corpse murder at Mickey's summer stock theatre (plenty of detail) with some delightfully crisp

dialogue, alas mostly from delicious sex-pot victim.

*For Reasons of State*, by Antony Beevor (Cape, £6.50). Planned assassination of Latin American brute-dictator in London. Notable for characters with consciences. If a touch naive in presentation.

*The Last of the Boatriders*, by Donald MacKenzie (Macmillan, £5.50). Aged con-man comes out of honest retirement and pulls off the big one aboard cruise liner in West Indies against all odds. Plenty of nice humorous writing combined with clever plotting.

*The Rumanian Circle*, by Lionel Black (Collins, £5.75). Reporter Kate Theobald investigates, against New Forest settings, credit-card loss that leads to multi-million swindle. Golf and guns: it's not a bad combination.

H.R.F. Keating

# Premier cru

Words and Music

A selection from his writings

By Philip Hope-Wallace

(Collins, £5.95)

"Are you a wine bibber?" was the first question ever put to me by Philip Hope-Wallace. We were both on our way by train to the opening night of the Stratford season and the tone of his voice suggested that a negative answer would bring instant excommunication. So we drank Chateau Palmer '56. Just how long ago that was can be gauged not only by the vintage but by the fact that the Stratford still had a station and the dining car was virtualised by someone with the wit to know that even in an off year some properties managed to make a respectable wine.

Wine delighted Philip, red, white, pink or, best of all, with bubbles. Yet he rarely wrote about it. There is scarcely a mention in *Words and Music*, a collection of his writing, and the closest approach is the frontpiece showing him seated in his favourite chair in El Vino's. Wine was something to be shared with his friends and his public. It fuelled his wit and in El Vino the jokes were

tried out and given the same professional polish before appearing in print that a Neil Simon comedy might undergo on tour prior to its Broadway opening.

In the beginning the prose was rather solemn: those first reports on Goethe and Hindemith — heavyweight material indeed — and the theatre reviews for *Time* and *Time* immediately after the war. The quite uncharacteristic formality was shrugged off and replaced by the true tone of the conversationalist — and Philip Hope-Wallace was the supreme conversationalist. With the occasional canon-shot line which hit you between the eyes, from right off the printed page, his phrase:

The prize pieces in this assembly made by his sister, Jacqueline, are not reviews of plays or operas or concerts but the reminiscences and essays which form the opening and closing sections. Here the characters from the personal mythology occur time and again, including the provincial tenor who so impressed the young Hope-Wallace in Rouen Cathedral on Christmas Eve and his rendering of "Minuit, Chrétiens, c'est l'heure solennelle". He becomes almost as

important a citizen of Normandy as Emma Bovary. And here is the true Hope-Wallace voice, francophile, enthusiastic, delighting in song and managing to convey it all in a personal style which should have been captured on record or cassette rather than between hard covers.

The final essays are flecked with mis-spellings of names, perpetuated by the publisher. I assume, the sub-editors of Philip's main employer, *The Guardian*. A pity. Or, perhaps not. He revealed in misprints, names and mis-spellings, as the description of a Tosca as a "tiger robbed of her whelps" emerging as a "tiger robbed of his whelps". And nothing gave him more pleasure than the fact the British word for the great favourite El Vino chair in celebration of his sixtieth birthday managed to get his name wrong.

John Higgins

# Arthur in Bronze armour

The Real Camelot

Paganism and Arthurian Romances

By John Darrah

(Thames & Hudson, £4.95)

There are many roads to Camelot. The high road of medieval romance leads from that colourful liar Geoffrey of Monmouth to Tennyson and the modern musical. The low road of history points to a Romanised war-lord who led the British mailed cavalry against the Saxons in a series of battles culminating in Badon in AD 518, or perhaps 490. But a much older road leads further back to a stranger Arthur. This interesting book identifies Arthur and his entourage as misty folk memories of pagan religion and the world of the pre-historic past.

This is not the first time it has been done. In 1901 Rhys demonstrated how Malory had built a rambling medieval castle around the rude and ruinous remains of the ancient Celtic pantheon. What is new about Mr Darrah's book is that it systematically explores French medieval Camelot, and finds there interlopers from the British Bronze Age recorded by a priestly oral tradition over a vast gap of time. Those knights who regularly defend the groves against challengers are

identified as annual kings, the priests who slew the slayers and shall themselves be slain. Superficially we may seem to have Christian chivalrous and courtly romance. But just beneath the surface, and providing like granite through moorland, lurk the cults of sacred waters and the severed head, and the ritual relevance of copulation, castration and cannibalism.

The heroes and heroines of the Matter of Britain are shown to represent ritual offices, and gods and goddesses in the religion broadcast by Britain by the first Indo-European invaders. Launcelot and Galahad, and their connexion with the grail full of blood, stick out like severed heads as prime cult figures. Even the sacred material of paganism are preserved in the association of cult figures with ritual wheeled chariots, boat burial, swords in stones, and the erection of stone monuments. That Dolorous Stroke between the thighs is, of course, a vestige of rituals of barrenness and fertility. When Merlin moves the Round Table to Camelot could it be a folk memory of the movement of the great circle of bluestones from the Prescelly Mountains to Salisbury Plain?

Stonhenge and Camelot are notorious castles in the air for enthusiasts, pseudoscholars,

and lunatics. But John Darrah argues learnedly for the survival of a residue of a Bronze Age culture that built our prehistoric monuments. It survives in the tales that cluster around pagan Camelot and its ruler, the once-and-future king, a ghost whose name, a ghost, streams like a cloud, and cleaves to call him and crouch still. There are many Camels. The case for a Bronze-Age model is interesting and persuasive.

The enduring popularity of what the French poet called the *Matière de Bretagne* is shown again by the film *Excalibur* on general release, quite a jolly adaptation of *Merlin D'Arthur*, and by the regular stream of Arthurian books. It is explained partly by the fact that Malory arrived very late on the scene, and did a brilliant scissors-and-paste job on the material, which can still be seen in the original. It is not the case that the British are surprised by the British rate for royal romance. But the cult of Arthur also shows a deep longing for a Golden Age when England was successful. It is content and well-served, and may have been longer ago than we suppose.

Philip Howard

# Crime

The Amateur

By Robert Littell

(Cape, £6.50)

Here is the best espionage novel I have met this year (What month is it? Oh, July. Thank you and I rather doubt unless Deighton and Le Carré are in the offing that I shall see a better one before December. It is the story of a nice cryptographer employed by the CIA at Langley whose girl friend is, by an appalling coincidence, shot as a hostage in an embassy siege in Germany. He discovers that, though the CIA know that the killers are under Czech protection, they intend to take no punitive action. So, amateur though he is, he insists on taking action himself.

A basis for a spy novel that is

not startlingly new, and one that in ordinary hands would be an ordinary, white-away tale. But Littell's are no ordinary hands. By the time you have come to the end of the first paragraph you know this. It is only a description of what the CIA do with their passport applications, but the writing is accurate, vivid, swift, compassionate, funny and illuminating. Yes, all that in eleven and a quarter lines.

Here is a writer absolutely on top of his material, able to be very funny about a very serious subject (Our old friend: abuse of power by a secret organisation. Old, but ever with us) and able to convert what he wants to say into purely fictional, and therefore effective, terms. There is even an excellent plot full of twists and surprises, each unexpected yet altogether likely. In some of Littell's earlier books he succumbed to a liking for a sort of vigorous whimsy that sometimes strained credibility. Here he is almost

entirely free of that. The book is preceded by a foreword implying that most of its account is true. Such a claim is unnecessary. There is in the fiction everywhere the stamp of a deeper truth than merely actuality. Read it.



THE ARTS

Television

Over the top

A Man of the Black Mountains

BBC 2

If anyone could upstage the Black Mountains, it was Janice who ran the pony-trekking side of the business and looked like a kind of secularized Doris Day. So powerful was the resemblance to *Calamity Jane*, that many must have watched Don Haworth's film about a sheep-farmer near Llanybydder expecting Janice to burst into song and the Deadwood Sage to come whistling away over the hill from Hay at any time. She did sing, in the end, taking tired drivers and haymakers through "On Top of Old Smokey" in the pub, shouting the lines ahead of her at a time just as Doris would have done. Just as Marie Lloyd would have done, too: 50 years ago, she would have been on the hills, not on a horse.

One could not see too much of Janice, nor indeed of Trevor Powell, the subject of the film, whom neither divorce, diabetes nor a cautious old Dad had prevented gambling his way with sheep, dogs, horses from the age of eight. In a deliciously funny scene we watched him mischievously beat down the price on a dog that, though healthy and dashing, about having a lovely time, took not a blind bit of notice of any command that was yelled at it across the field. The vendor asked £120, but settled for £85, and Trevor expected to sell it again at the end of the season for up to three times the price. No, Janice and Trevor were great.

The trouble with *A Man of the Black Mountains* was that Mr Haworth was bewitched by the dignity of labour and gave us just a little too much of it at each stage: too much trekking, too much rounding up, too much shearing, too much (unsuccessful) buying and selling, too many slow-pan shots up the mountainside as far as what looked like the same bit of sky, and, above all, far too much cowboy music applied equally to the equestrian dream-world of townsfolk which it fitted perfectly, and the professional business of rounding up sheep, which it did not.

The gaunt, raised spine of the Black Mountains is packed between the Usk and the Wye, offers some of the most magnificent landscape in Britain, and Mr Haworth had glorious weather in which to film. It is Kilvert country: that is, it looks like a small screen we knew both from Bertalan's film about the diarist and from the dramatized series of short films from the diary itself, it looked superb again here, but too much scenery without disciplined action or a strong point of view, palls, and only Deryck Guyler, by turns offering and mocking the timeless Documentary Voice, gave the film a little of the edge it had earlier promised but never quite gave.

Michael Ratcliffe

Amadeus, Peter Shaffer's international smash play, and winner of five Tony Awards, is to become a film next year, with locations in Prague, Budapest, Salzburg and Vienna.

Milos Forman will direct from Peter Shaffer's screenplay in London in 1979 as a National Theatre Production and in New York in 1980. The play is now running in London, New York, Vienna, Warsaw, Berlin, Munich, The Hague, Brussels and Oslo.

The third Dance Umbrella Festival is planned for October and November, at four London venues, including the Riverside Studios, the ICA, The Place, Associated festivals will be held in Bristol, Brighton, Cardiff, Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Norwich and Glasgow.

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The bitter battle of the subsidized books

panel had been emasculated by its constitutional position.

For Mr Osborne, this merely demonstrates a misunderstanding of what the panel was supposed to do: "The function of the panel is to advise on policy. Unfortunately Margaret was more concerned about whether George, Betty or Bert got grants".

At stake is the £852,000 available to literature from the total grant of £80.25m for the council this year. The key debate has been on how this cash should be allocated, but lately minds have been concentrated still further by the possibility that literary grants should be ended altogether. This arose from contingency planning by the council in case its total grant is either not increased next year or reduced.

Mr Osborne stresses that the fears were generated by nothing more than thinking out loud by the council and the abolition of the literary grant was just one idea among many that had been floated. "Anyway," he added, "I'm not looking for a new job."

Yet there is a cruel logic in chopping the whole literary department. It is the newest of the council's offshoots, having been born only in 1965, 20 years after the others. It began as a system of parcelling out about £5,000 annually directly to writers. But 16 years later it remains the council's publicly visible of the council's subsidies. Its writers' subsidies, publishers' guarantees, society grants, support for little presses and magazines and its poetry library are small-scale and little known. Compared to the effects of cutting the Royal Opera House and the National Theatre, the protests would be muted and obscure.

That this fear should arise in precisely the year in which Mr

The Arts Council has been a patron of literature since 1965. Yet, despite the prominence of writing in this country's artistic history, it has always been the poor relation in terms of the council's allocation of its cash. The reason is that nobody is quite sure how to subsidize literature — by paying the authors or by encouraging sales and subsidizing publishers. The debate has come to a head this year with a sharp switch of resources away from individual writers, a move which has coincided with fears that in any Arts Council cuts next year, literature will be the first to go. At the centre of the storm is Charles Osborne (pictured), the Literary Director of the Arts Council, whose blunt manner and strong opinions have fanned the flames of the controversy. BRYAN APPEYARD reports.



Photograph: BRIAN HURTS

Osborne has instituted the most sweeping policy changes yet in the Arts Council, and to the Arts Council literary agitators, justification for some furious lobbying.

The key change at the heart of all the rethinking is the switch from helping writers towards helping readers, as Mr Osborne puts it. As a result this year, grants to writers will move from £40,000 to £20,000 while grants to publishers, notably the Carcanet and Anvil presses, will be more than doubled to over £100,000.

At 40 or so individual writers who received grants last year will be cut to five "writers of outstanding literary quality who have a record of proven achievement." On the face of it, that would include Graham Greene, who presumably does not need the money. But, Mr

Osborne says, Greene is not among the 54 applicants for bursaries and awards, would not get one if he were not working but could be made to and it specifically stated that none of its research should be taken as an argument against those grants.

However, Mr Osborne and the panel took the body of the report as a condemnation of the system, regarding the conclusion as unjustified by the evidence. Miss Forster described the conclusion as "rather naughty".

The naughtiness arose from the suggestion that the grants were awarded on excessively narrow criteria and on the basis of the taste of a few London literati with a rigid idea of "serious writing".

With writers' and publishers' groups both in favour of grants

until May this year when it was finally published, its central conclusion was that grants to individual writers were not working but could be made to and it specifically stated that none of its research should be taken as an argument against those grants.

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With writers' and publishers' groups both in favour of grants

to individuals, the cavalier rejection of the report without consultation was a spectacular way of fanning the flames.

That affair has combined with other sudden and unexplained moves, like the abandonment of the council's literary prizes after just two years, to unify and organize the opposition. Writers and publishers organizations, two sectors of the population not traditionally on the same side, are attempting to make headway into the council's operations.

The Society of Authors, the Writers' Guild, the Poetry Society and various Arts Council clients most next week to continue work on a document attacking the vagaries and uncertainties of council literary policies. From the publishers' side the Book Marketing Council has organized a meeting with

three panel members — Fay Weldon, David Harsanyi and Liz Colder. The inspiration behind this move is the belief that books will be better marketed and the best way the council can improve the economics of serious writing is to improve its marketing, a sensitive area as the council cannot be seen to be subsidizing the profits of commercial organizations. Mr Desmond Clarke, director of the BMC, says: "They haven't a clue about marketing and it's really the only way ahead."

The overall and continuing controversies emerging from the literary section, however, are beginning to have an impact on the council as a whole. Members have given conflicting interpretations of the troubles. One has said it specifically arises from this department's problems, another that it indicates the need for a complete rethink of the panel system. For one thing, the curious lack of any external consultative group or constituency presents an impossible constitutional puzzle who is doing what for whom and why?

The problem for the campaigners is that the Arts Council has been so consistently battered that successive attempts suffer from diminishing returns. "But," said Mr Mark Le Fau de la Society of Authors, "bashing the Arts Council may be a repulsive occupation, yet it continues to be necessary."

Yet their opponent is a powerful one. The first secret meeting of the opposition reached him with the literary grapevine and, as a member of the Poetry Book Society, he instantly demanded representation. A colleague went along but a decision on further representation was not appropriate.

Theatre

Rosmersholm

Watermill, Newbury

The Watermill Theatre is more than just a pretty place, more than just a summer theatre straddling a mill-race with local (unsuccessful) buying and selling, too many slow-pan shots up the mountainside as far as what looked like the same bit of sky, and, above all, far too much cowboy music applied equally to the equestrian dream-world of townsfolk which it fitted perfectly, and the professional business of rounding up sheep, which it did not.

The gaunt, raised spine of the Black Mountains is packed between the Usk and the Wye, offers some of the most magnificent landscape in Britain, and Mr Haworth had glorious weather in which to film. It is Kilvert country: that is, it looks like a small screen we knew both from Bertalan's film about the diarist and from the dramatized series of short films from the diary itself, it looked superb again here, but too much scenery without disciplined action or a strong point of view, palls, and only Deryck Guyler, by turns offering and mocking the timeless Documentary Voice, gave the film a little of the edge it had earlier promised but never quite gave.

The Gorgeous and The Damned

Old Half Moon

The damned? Not exactly Visconti's, but the time and place are right. And if Berlin in the thirties seems an unlikely milieu for a gay agit-prop show to find its style, remember that the stage where Sally Bowles sang might 10 years earlier have supported the moribund wit of Brecht and friends in cabaret.

Rock

Pretenders

Hammersmith Palais

For their second encore on Tuesday night the Pretenders delivered a raucous version of "Higher and Higher". Jackie Wilson's soul classic, with the aid of the voices, trombone, saxophones and guitars of the Bureau, who had played the opening set, it was perhaps the least self-conscious thing they have ever done on stage, and as such it made an instructive contrast with the main body of their set.

There is still a degree of tension in the Pretenders' performance, and it is by no means entirely of the creatively fruitful kind. Perhaps it is a legacy of their extremely rapid rise to prominence a couple of years ago; more likely the roots go deeper, into the posturing of

Ibsen ideas overcome a clumsy emphasis

Rosmer has been swayed by Rebecca West and Norwegian radicalism; nothing is more unacceptable than "an apostate and an emancipated woman".

If the humanity is damaged by such extreme underlining, the issues are clarified and become the subject of debate in the intervals, a testimony to the continued importance of Ibsen's presentation of ideas. The effect of the performance as a living event slowly intensifies, although the formal grouping of speakers seldom alters into naturalism. Standing and seated, the actors present their heads in the same way, as if the story extends finally into the human drama as the fallow

The five friends in cabaret who make up New Heart, London's only surviving gay theatre group since the shop's eclipse, find in the Brecht songbook plenty of illustration for their revue-like scenes of repression and suppression, whether of gays, Jews, women, or shades incongruously if black.

As that suggests, the thinking is vague and the performance often embarrassingly amateurish: some prose scenes get very wacky, and the lyrics of the songs in Brecht's hands are apt to pall. But

Stephanie Pugsley, the cast's only girl, gives the songs subtlety as well as power.

And individual vignettes are sharply realized: a club raided (unsuccessfully) for the Bullen Moon; a French resistance worker tortured, a drag singer who does full stormtrooper dress before going home. They are drawn together by a sense of cross-references and ironic repetition that can work well, as when the homicidal fantasy of Brecht's persecuted skivvy is first applied to

the doomed Jews but finally expresses a victim's vision of triumph.

Gordon McDonald has the most haunting monologue as a nine-to-five Whitehall dignitary living only for his daily half-minute talk with the boy who sells him a lunchtime sandwich. And the cast's final escape to freedom, up a ladder in the flies, is a tribute to the last scene of Orson's last play that falls perfectly into place.

Anthony Masters

Notes in the more-exposed songs. She presented us with a brave ration of unfamiliar songs from the group's forthcoming second album, of which the most enticing were the lyrical "English Rose" and two viciously sexy rockers, "Bad Boys" and "Louie Louie Had His Day". Her best vocal of the night, full of beautifully judged phrasing, came during the less distinguished cadences of "Jealous Dogs".

Christie Hynde knows, as Bruce Springsteen has said, that the very best rock and roll talks to the "secret heart" of the listener. Like him, she chooses to speak through the medium of rock classicism; sooner or later, if she wishes to fulfill her true potential, she will need to think more carefully about her context.

Richard Williams

Christie Hynde: charm underneath

Ballet

Dance Theatre of Harlem

Covent Garden

The Harlem company's second programme at Covent Garden again reached its climax in one of Balanchine's ballets, this time *Agon*, a work nearly a quarter of a century old now but still looking so fresh that it might have been made yesterday. The tough, muscular strength of it, and its flip sophistication, both owe a lot to the quality of life in New York, and it is one reason why the Harlem dancers respond so well to the choreography.

Virginia Johnson's dancing in the second *pas de deux* is, as in previous seasons, a marvel of style and phrasing. Donald Williams and Keith Saunders give her surely sure support and dance their own display

Ned Chaillet

Concerts

Arditti Quartet

Dartington

A Dartington audience, containing so many keen chamber musicians, is not likely to be satisfied by second-rate quartet playing, even in twentieth-century music. So much the more meaningful, therefore, were the ovations that greeted the Arditti Quartet on Tuesday night after every item in a crazy taxing, but marvel-filled programme that included not only two new works, but also, as classics, Bartok's third quartet, Ligeti's second, and Webern's bagatelles.

The Bartok was particularly remarkable for the combination of extreme exertion with clarity of detail, the white-hot importance of every moment to a

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic

Albert Hall/Radio 3

Surrounded by the kaleidoscopic artistry in sound, shape, and colour in the sky opposite the Albert Hall on Tuesday, it was all too easy to pluck eulogistic metaphors out of the air for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra's rigorous and penetrating performance under David Atherton of Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony with which they ended their Prom.

The second movement, curiously enough a wedding march taken from Tchaikovsky's opera *Undine* revealed a standard and character of wind

William Mann

A little more bite, please

number admirably. Stephanie Baxter, excellently partnered by Mel Tomlinson, shows a sensitive flair in the *pas de deux*. Karen Brown and Cassandra Phipps dance their galliard prettily and with good timing.

The programme began with another work by Balanchine, *Concerto barocco*. In this, Bach's music (the double violin concerto in D minor) evokes a choreography of quite a different kind from the wry, sinewy style Balanchine found for Stravinsky. The Bach ballet is more formal and open, with a calm but passionate elegance.

It could have done, I thought, with a little more bite in the performance; the dancing seemed slightly too careful, as if they were all conscious of the gods being furiously provoked by their best behaviour. All the same, Elena Carter and Judy Tyrus led a

perfectly respectable account of a work that can always give pleasure.

Geoffrey Holder's *Douglas* (music and choreography are both by Ronald Colman) is in the class of Balanchine, but as a piece of slightly exotic light entertainment in dance it has both flair and punch.

What can be said, in defence of giving a non-stop like Royston Mallow's *Adagio No 5* between two Balanchine masterworks? Admirers of Mahler are hardly likely to forgive grabbing the slow movement from his Fifth Symphony and dumping such trite, pretentious movement on it.

The music all evening was above Covent Garden's usual ballet-night standard.

John Percival

already well-filled with intricacies, not least in the new part by Ronald Colman. This young American, a student on the composition course at Dartington two years ago, was invited to return with something for performance this autumn as an instance of the Summer School encouraging its own.

The quartet itself was possibly an image of Calabazos' career at the moment, filled with promising openings. Beyond doubt it was written with confidence and respect for the medium, but some of the gambits appeared too neat. However, when the work began to develop in a more continuous fashion it began at once also to feel both more genuine and more strange.

Paul Griffiths

Playing, fresh-voiced, here almost like a recorder consort, there a hovering suspended movement in stillness that showed both true affection and understanding for the emotional and structural sinking behind Tchaikovsky's orchestration.

No less remarkable for its revelation of the particular energy that pulses through this symphony was David Atherton's control of its pacing.

The contrast in chemistry of that same toughening and interlarding of nineteenth and twentieth-century sensibilities revealed in Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rococo Theme*, composed only four years later, was the more acutely felt last night on a performance which made the Albert Hall seem to shrink to a

Hilary Finch

Opera

Barenboim brilliance in the Wagner workshop

Tristan and Isolde

Bayreuth Festival

The 1981 Bayreuth Festival opened at the weekend with new productions of *Tristan and Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*. They promise to make up for the absence this year of the Nibelung's ring, Chereau's version having been filmed and set aside, Peter Hall's new interpretation still in the planning stage. Sir Peter could be seen in and about the Festspielhaus, soaking up the atmosphere of what is still the Wagner's family workshop, and a theatre with an atmosphere like no other, even when Bavarian rain streams down the green hill, as it did on Saturday.

The new *Tristan* confirms Wolfgang Wagner's active propagation of the new Bayreuth — a new producer, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, who, as director, also designed his own settings and costumes, a new conductor, Daniel Barenboim, and a new Isolde, Johanna Maier, as well as Rene Kollo's first *Tristan* here.

There is plenty of controversial matter in Ponnelle's

production, and before discussing it, I must praise him for attempting, with some success, to carry out Wagner's stage directions, usually ignored out of tasteless cowardice, in the scene when the love potion has been drunk, and the lovers are to grimace and gesture wildly, before falling upon one another's necks. That, and Ponnelle's realization of the second act, pure fairy-story, exquisitely beautiful and touching because it so simply and poignantly captures the spirit of courtly love which the romance of Sir Tristan and the fair Yseult typifies.

Ponnelle was able to realize that ideal, unrealistic but

enthralling aspect of love because his hero and heroine look so personable on stage that they can act with violence and extravagance as well as, in their love scenes, the blameless innocence of children context to kneel and gaze at another's eyes, confessing mutual adoration without need-

ing to prove it by physical means. All this is behind Wagner's famous letter to List about never having experienced complete love, whence this hymn to perfect spiritual union between man and woman.

Maier and Kollo seconded his vocal and visually as invincibly but tremendously did Barenboim in a sensuous and dynamic, but scrupulously poised, almost classic reading of the music. Some Bayreuth stalwarts wondered, remembering recent *Tristan* conductors at Bayreuth who have rushed their fences intertemporally, Barenboim gave us a most musical, deeply loving, superbly played and singable *Tristan*. A great Bayreuth debut which may offend Israel, but deserves the thanks of mankind.

It suited the devotion of, on the one hand, Hanna Schwarz's bracing and on the other, Matti Salonen's dotting, fervent grandfatherly King Mark — only a caricature if you require Red Riding Hood's grand-mother to be middle-aged and sprightly — as of Hermann Becht's solid henchman Kurwenal. He raised Kollo's mad *Tristan* in the third act to terrifying excess of grief and hysterical action. In the first

act it permitted Miss Maier to propose to Isolde as a spider-witch, luring Tristan to destruction, only to find herself trapped in the same glutinous web.

That first vision was captivating: Isolde, ringed by her embowered white, royal cloak, crowned with white flowers (which she rips away in her curse monologue), clutching herself in glee as she plans the destruction of her exclusive

‘Then the producer tries a brave but exciting folly?’

courtly victim. The king's ship is a primitive affair, all logs, sails, and a small crew, grow, Tristan and his retinue are sometimes glimpsed behind the huge masts.

It is in the third act that Ponnelle, as producer-designer, and dictator of lighting follows his *Tristan* into brave, exciting folly and artistic suicide. Kareol, the ruined castle on Britany's shores, has become a tiny desert island, hardly able to accommodate the shepherd (who does not attempt to play his joyful call), let alone the

occupants of Mark's ship. The action, from the first sound of Isolde's voice off-stage, perhaps from the beginning of the act, is imagined within Tristan's mind as his life ebbs away.

Isolde is a vision, the barbers and deaths, the laments of Mark and Kurwenal, are heard, but seen only in silhouette against a foggy backcloth (where is the hot sun of which Tristan complains?). He lies there, smiling beatitude, Isolde's rapacious song of love, completed and transfigured by death, is his, not hers.

The notion is poetic, but an egomaniac fantasy, a perversion of Wagner's intention, which was of complete, ultra-human, simultaneous and everlasting orgasm.

No words can properly reflect the import of the end of *Tristan and Isolde*, though Wagner's music describes the spiritual union perfectly as Barenboim left no doubt. Much of Ponnelle's production deserves rethinking, because so much is sensitively and tellingly imagined, in the true spirit of the most-wondrous drama ever written about the interdependence of woman and man.

William Mann

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QUARTET

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# Three issues for our survival: the price Europe must pay

by Dr Henry Kissinger

American Secretary of State, 1973 to 1977

Friends of the United States often forget that foreign policy is a new experience for us. At the end of the Second World War our secret dream was to join the group of the non-aligned and play the role between Great Britain and the Soviet Union that India and others later arrogated to themselves. In the immediate postwar years every great American initiative was put forth as a final act from which we could again withdraw into our isolation—the Marshall Plan, even Nato, the Greek-Turkish aid programme, the policy of containment, were all presented as temporary needs until the underlying harmony of international relations reasserted itself.

It is only in the last decade or so that we have come to learn that never again will we solve any problems in such a way that we can withdraw from foreign affairs. We acknowledge now, as the European states have done for centuries, that the solution to every problem is an admission price ticket to a new set of difficulties.

This recognition has arrived when we have had to come to grips with the fact that our resources are no longer infinite in relation to the challenges. In 1950 the United States had 52 per cent of the free world's gross national product. Every decade since then it has declined by 10 per cent. At 22 per cent today the United States is still the largest single economic unit in the world, but we have to face the fact that various groupings of hostile forces could have a preponderance of strength against America alone. So we share now not merely a community of democratic values but a

basic vested interest in our joint survival with our allies. There are three issues of immediate relevance—security, East-West relations and North-South relations. On all of them Europeans understate the degree to which their debate has been mirrored in America. There is no monolithic American view. But with a new administration in Washington that has the support of the overwhelming majority of the people, America is no longer in trauma. It is more confident than for decades and determined to vindicate its values.

**'I am in favour of a North-South dialogue, but also a West-West dialogue'**

For this reason it is inconceivable that the United States could ever dissociate its defence from the defence of Europe. We must recognise, however, that the military conditions of the 1980s are not those of the 1950s. When the United States had a monopoly of nuclear power, and later a preponderance and overwhelming superiority, one could take chances. One could leave defence largely in the hands of American decisions and American strategic power. But in a world in which both sides possess tens of thousands of strategic nuclear weapons the significance of that strategy is bound to alter.

The choice for America should not be between Armageddon on the soil of the United States and the defence of our allies in Europe.

Our strategy must still envisage the ultimate of strategic weapons if Europe can be defended in no other way. But it is the duty of all NATO nations to treat other options for their leaders, by a new approach to nuclear strategy and a strengthened conventional defence. This increases the credibility of the deterrent and permits the flexible application of our power should deterrence fail. What we must avoid is a situation in which the Soviet Union can blackmail Europe because it doubts what we might do. Nuclear blackmail against Europe should be technically impossible to disassociate from nuclear blackmail against America. Such a reappraisal cannot be expressed in percentage terms, it can only be put forward in terms of capabilities. If Europe has no better reason for its own defence than to please an American administration then we are all in trouble.

Europe must reassess its defences because we cannot trust our security to concepts developed 30 years ago. Nor can we rely on the goodwill of leaders who do not understand the concept of goodwill and whose military capacities have increased at 5 per cent a year for nearly two decades while the West has stood still.

I think it is important that Europe and the United States develop common policies in other key areas, even where this is not required by the legal obligations of the Nato Treaty. After all, we are interested in each other's security, not because we have signed a document. I hope the day never comes when the only reason we associate ourselves with the defence of Europe is because there is a legal obligation. A legal ob-



Dr Kissinger: an obligation to our allies.

ligation must reflect a shared conviction of common interest. For that reason I think we must discuss what policies to adopt in critical areas such as the Persian Gulf that affect both our vital interests.

It is not helpful that there exists an American policy in the Middle East and a European policy for the Middle East. Unless they are coordinated, which they are not now, they run the risk of undercutting each other.

On the question of East-West relations it is important that an understanding of

function. They are not needed to run the economy, the government, the army. They specialise in vigilance against dangers that they must invent, so justifying their excessive military spending. Therefore Afghanistan is no accident—they are almost all built in to the system when an opportunity presents itself.

When I was in office in 1975 we had the problem of the first appearance of Cuban troops in Angola. Some of my colleagues and I were then convinced that the issue had nothing to do with which of the various Angolan factions prevailed but a great deal to do with whether Soviet proxy forces from a Caribbean island could be introduced to a distant continent and that if they could the consequence for the equilibrium of the world would be very serious. We could not convince Congress at the time to appropriate the ridiculously small sums that were involved. Six years later, with Cubans in Ethiopia and East Germans all over Africa, everyone understands the implications. But the price has gone up.

We must recognize this tendency of the Soviets to escape their dilemmas by foreign adventures. We must be determined, brutal if necessary, in resisting this. But I also believe that we have an obligation to our people, to our allies and those Soviet leaders who may be looking for an alternative, to show them a way out of the arms race if the possibility exists.

North-South relations is another area of potential misunderstanding. It is often said the United States tends to look at North-South relations largely in East-West terms. But I defy anybody to find a single Soviet statement addressed to its own people in which they do not see North-South relations entirely in those terms. An East-West component is imposed on us. In 1975 we had

just withdrawn from Vietnam and were not looking for places to engage ourselves. Yet this was when the Soviet Union introduced more weapons into Angola in six months than all the rest of the world had introduced into all the rest of Africa combined. That is what triggered President Ford and me to look at Angola in East-West terms.

**'It is statistically improbable that the United States is always wrong and the Soviet Union always right'**

Of course what is going on in the developing world represents one of the great historic changes. There is a delusion here as well. Many of us tend to think of developing countries in the way we did of Europe in the time of the Marshall Plan. That is to say we have thought there was an automatic connexion between economic progress and political stability. In fact, in many developing countries the process of economic development is bound to produce the opposite. This is not an argument against economic development, but it is an argument about being thoughtful about what it is we can work for and how we should do it. I would argue, for example, that the primary cause of the collapse of the pro-Western Government in Iran was a rate of economic growth of 10 per cent a year. It moved the population from the countryside into the cities and attacked many Western interests. It created new sets of political values, but no new political institutions.

So before going too deep into the North-South dialogue, we ought to have a dialogue with each other to define

our purposes with some precision: I am in favour of a North-South dialogue but also a West-West dialogue.

As for the developing countries themselves, they have responsibilities too. When I was in office I regret to admit I never read the declarations of the Group of 77, now grown to over 100. I read a staff summary which was good for my emotional equilibrium. Now retired to private life I have read the original word for word and I formed this conclusion: it is statistically improbable that the United States is always wrong and the Soviet Union always right.

Yet you would not learn this statistical truth from the declarations of the non-aligned. We do not ask for support for all our policies but we can ask to be spared a constant attack on our motives, using the rhetoric of our adversaries and then on top of it asked to build a new economic order that is never defined and that, based on these premises, we could not really approve.

I began by reporting the new confidence in the United States. We have gone through a dramatic period and the astonishing, indeed exciting, thing is that the American people, with a spontaneity that even their leaders did not for a while perceive, have let it be known that they do not feel ashamed of their worth, that they feel they have a duty to their values to defend freedom and to build a better world. Now this may seem naive to some, but cynics have never built cathedrals. Great endeavours are not begun without a measure of naivety. We in America have overcome our problems of will but our adversaries have their problems of structure. History will not do our work for us and we must seize at this moment the unique opportunity, if we work together, to do our work for ourselves. © Times Newspapers Ltd, 1981

## Our once and future King, but a long time to wait

by Anthony Holden

The Prince is wed; long live the Prince. As we wave him and his bride off into the Spanish sunset, the nation's thoughts naturally turn to the future of Charles Philip Arthur George, 21st Prince of Wales—monarch-in-waiting, it seems likely, for many a long year yet.

Prince Charles recently told a private dinner party that he expects to be in his late fifties before ascending the throne. There is no question, for all the public opinion polls, of the Queen's abdicating in his favour. The Prince and Princess of Wales will quite possibly be grandparents, like Bertie and Alexandra before them, when Charles finally inherits his birthright.

It is, as Charles himself has put it, a daunting prospect. Doubtless so for a man who is often asked: "When are you going to get yourself a proper job?" The Prince, understandably, believes he already has a considerably demanding job, which he is doing to the best of his equally considerable abilities. It's just that no one wants

to write about the boring side of a prince's life. The popular imagination invariably pictures Prince Charles astride a horse (or, more recently, falling off one), rather than chairing a committee or behind his desk, where he spends rather more of his time. It will be his task in future to make the more private side of his work more public. If that requires some sacrifice of off-duty pursuits such as polo, so be it. His princess, one suspects, will not demur.

It is Charles's great misfortune that the British constitution allows no specific role to the Prince of Wales. Many of his predecessors have used this omission as a licence to make merry. This Prince, more a student of his ancestors than any other recent member of the Royal Family, aspires to greater things.

He has learnt much from the lesson of King Edward VII, whose exclusion from the constitutional process by his unbending mother led him into



A winner's bow to the Queen: what does the future hold for the heir?

the paths of dalliance. He has also taken note of Edward VII's conduct as Prince of Wales: whatever was to befall later, Edward shone as a prince who used his position at least to jog the consciences of politicians.

Already, despite his comparative youth, Prince Charles has begun to broaden the tradi-

tional tasks of the heir to the throne. It was in the family tradition that he chaired the Queen's Silver Jubilee Trust in 1977, which raised an astonishing £16m in a country of just 56 million people. It was his own innovation, however, to set up the Prince's Trust, which for the best part of a decade now has been raising money

to help deprived and disadvantaged children.

It was no hollow promise, therefore, when the Prince offered his services recently to those living in the inner cities. Blacks in areas of urban blight, youths who have been in and out of institutions, children in the care of councils rather than

parents, all have been the prime concern of his workday energies for some years.

It will perhaps be as well, in the future, if the Prince's staff address more to his own ritualistic tasks of monarchy, many called RRR (Ritual, Raising, and Raising) and less to his more practical tasks of government, many called PRR (Practical, Raising, and Raising).

Edward Adeane, view the most bluff of commerce as an attempt to turn the royal hand.

In time this may prove a misjudgment. It will fall to the Prince of Wales to steward the ancient, irrational institution of monarchy into not merely a new century, but a new millennium. It, and he, will have to change with the times. If Britain's social and international decline continues, and as the political climate changes, the monarchy would be well advised, I believe, to play a more direct and conspicuous role in the nation's economic life.

There is not space here to rehearse the myriad ways in which this could be done without despoiling the Prince's ancient titles and dignities. Suffice it to say that he has already in many ways proved himself abreast of the contemporary world, his understanding of the importance of the Commonwealth, to take one notable example—and that his reluctance to commit himself more specifically to British industry is therefore a curious conservatism.

There is much he can continue to do as a patron of the arts, a roving ambassador for British exports, and what may be called a glorified social worker. Now, moreover, he has a princess more than capable of sharing those somewhat soft-edged roles. The governor-generalship of Australia or Canada, in the meantime, as this week's euphoria fades and we return to Mrs Thatcher's long, long summer, Prince Charles cannot, alas, expect his honeymoon to last until his mother quits the scene.

## "Would you buy a Rembrandt for its canvas?" I asked.

An acquaintance remarked that, at £1,650, the Royal Oak stainless steel watch by Audemars Piguet was more expensive than most gold watches.

Which was perhaps missing the point. The value of the Royal Oak is more a consequence of the way the metal has been used, the design reflecting its strength and character, than the material itself.

In any sphere of artistry and craftsmanship, as I pointed out to my friend, materials alone do not make a masterpiece. What matters is the way they're used.

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## Muddling through in style

Yesterday, all the cheap jokes came to an end. No more standing around in smart bars, listening to sophisticated snickers about "the wedding is so lower middle class, don't you think, old boy?" I mean really, some of the weird people who've been invited "as it is to die". No more poking fun at the Queen Mother for wearing hats that look like shower caps, no more cracks about Prince Andrew's horniness. Gratefully, the feeble half-witicism of the week—"I hear that Nancy Reagan fell down and cracked her tail"—has run out of steam. For some reason, certain members of the Buckingham Palace crowd thought it was worth repeating at lunch and dinner.

All in all, it has been a difficult week for the Prince, who seems a really decent sort, and the satirical young woman who is now his Princess. The pressure they underwent for critics to charge "this is not the time for such a show" has been an anachronism was trotted out hourly. The Irish hoisted and hollered at "the typical insensitivity of the Brits—royal feasting while Irish patriots are starving to death". ("If you've ever eaten Irish food," a young lord said to me, "you know they're taking the grey wot out".) Jan Morris, the well-known author, wrote a letter in *The Times* yesterday, "putting on record one citizen's sense of revulsion at the ostentation,

the extravagance and the sycophancy surrounding today's wedding". As the old showbiz saying goes, nobody liked it but the people, and the people loved it.

When it comes to staging a spectacle like yesterday's, the British are without peer. In fact, they make it look easy, which is what comes from not years but centuries of experience. Hollywood in its glory days made a good grab at dazzling the rubes, but the vulgarity was built in at the factory and even the phoinness had no reality. London is not a movie set, it is a real city—in many ways, the grandest of cities—and when its best brains get together, for once, to produce a memorable occasion, the result is the greatest show on earth, without a trace of Barnum & Bailey.

The British are justly famous for muddling through—at terrible cost. The country never quite recovered from its victory in the 1914 war, as it still calls here. London is a chessboard with statues and emblems of British soldiers who died in that one. It is hard to keep from spinning when passing the equestrian statue of Field Marshal Haig, who sent so many brave men to their death for a few yards of mud. But when a Churchill was needed, he came along. And after the country's second greatest disaster, the victory of World War II, Queen Elizabeth came to the throne.

London in 1953 was still a city of

## GUEST DIARY

by Herb Caen

The visiting columnist of the San Francisco Chronicle

Yesterday, all the cheap jokes came to an end. No more standing around in smart bars, listening to sophisticated snickers about "the wedding is so lower middle class, don't you think, old boy?" I mean really, some of the weird people who've been invited "as it is to die". No more poking fun at the Queen Mother for wearing hats that look like shower caps, no more cracks about Prince Andrew's horniness. Gratefully, the feeble half-witicism of the week—"I hear that Nancy Reagan fell down and cracked her tail"—has run out of steam. For some reason, certain members of the Buckingham Palace crowd thought it was worth repeating at lunch and dinner.

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camera pointed to fireworks over Monte Carlo".

"Ah yes," he smiled wistfully. "It always fizzled out, didn't it? I'm very nervous about the wedding. Not about my BBC assignment—about Lady Diana. Poor dear, making her debut before an audience of 400 million people. She gets one chance to do it, and she has to do it perfectly. Her knees will be trembling, her spine will turn to jelly, her stomach will churn. I know from experience."

Then she has to wear a difficult gown up and down steps. A gown is a treacherous thing. I've worn one many times on stage, and never failed to trip over it at least once a night."

Lady Diana was perfect, even if she did mix up the Prince's name during the ceremony.

The Dorchester did a classy thing yesterday morning, supplying all its guests with ordered room service with a split of champagne and a bottle of orange juice, for a commemorative Buck's Fizz. Thus fortified, I walked through Hyde Park toward Buck House at 7 am, stepping over the bodies of people who had slept there all night.

From a perch on the Victoria Memorial, facing the Palace, we sang songs with the crowd, traded jokes with the coppers, and watched the drama slowly unfold. The timing was oh so slow. It was as if a master director had said "Make 'em wait. Milk it for all it's worth."

But once the first Guardsman stepped out smartly, to wild applause, the pace picked up, and then it all became a marvellous montage of bands (British military bands have a lit all their own), troops marching along with that inimitable swinging stride, pipers, limousines, funny ladies in funny hats, famous men waving a bit uncomfortably, the inimitable Queen drawing cheers, the Queen Mother getting friendly laughter ("Get a load of that

haz!") and the cavalry, ah yes the cavalry.

And then the memories came flooding back. Then the tears came. The British fighting man, standing fast, falling too often, dying so gallantly in faraway places with strange-sounding languages. On a day like yesterday, when romantic overtones are uppermost, you cannot help thinking of the long and bloody road, the bravery and the blunders that led to this charming little moment in a country's history.

It was a day for tears and laughter. The show in St Paul's, if one can call it that without disrespect, could not have been duplicated by anyone, anywhere at any time in history. Surely there could never have been better music performed more ably. The 1001 things that could have gone wrong didn't.

It is no secret that hundreds of us news people—even those few looking for a sensational incident—sighed in relief. Then the church bells began tolling over the ancient rooftops, and the crowds began milling through the crowded streets, as they have so many times in the past, and will again.

One of the greatest stories ever told is still a long way from its end.







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## AND EVEN THE SUN SHONE

It was a day of great public happiness as well as of private happiness for the royal family. Everything went well, so well as to impel hyperbole. "No matter how great the ceremony or how important the pageant, the first visitor is sure to tread on the skirts of the last carpenter or decorator", our forerunners wrote of the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark 118 years ago. The enthusiasm of their reporting reprinted in another part of this issue does not conceal some fairly chaotic moments in the ceremonies at Windsor that day. Not so yesterday in London.

The splendour and precision of the pageantry again confirmed the view that nowhere else in the world are these things done better. The solemnization of the marriage in the great architectural spaces of St Paul's cathedral was everything the word implies. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in a simple and elevated way of the married state so that every marriage partook of the dignity of this one. The cheers of the people who packed the

way from St Paul's to the Palace were gentle cheers of pleasure and well wishing. Security, a nagging worry on any such occasion in these times, was complete — and unobtrusive. Television gave hundreds of millions of people an illusion of presence, its power to purvey and by purveying propagate malevolence and violence was seen to be a power also to purvey and so propagate pleasure and happiness.

The national response to the royal marriage is itself a source of hope. It is no surprise that enjoyment, gaiety and feelings of loyalty should predominate. The people's affection for the Queen and her family and their recognition of the Crown as a principle of unity in national life are plain enough to make that expectation. More significant were the absences. No disgruntled group sought to seize the publicity of the moment in the disrupting proceedings. Nobody tried to shout anybody down. There were no counter-demonstrations, no aggro. The unemployed and the disaffected urban young, who have little enough to cheer about in their own condition, did not choose this moment to air their grievances. The only

sour note was emitted by a sprinkling of shop stewards and managers falling out about holiday time and payment in lieu on the royal day off — sheer force of habit.

This one-day reign of peace must not be mistaken for what it is not. It is not the end of strife, the beginning of deference, a universal acquiescence in the status quo. It is evidence rather that loyalty and respect for the Crown reaches far into groups whose members are otherwise at odds with the system; and where it does not reach there is still recognition that it would be impolitic to insult deep popular feeling by insulting the Crown. It is evidence therefore of the presence of a strong stabilizing factor in British society and a basic health that should help in the binding up of society's self-inflicted wounds.

The revels now are ended. The Prince and Princess of Wales begin their honeymoon. Everyday life and business resume. No magic has been worked on the stubborn problems of economic performance and social regeneration. They are as they were. But in returning to them the nation has reason to be encouraged by what it has just seen of itself.

## PRESIDENT IN EXILE

The return of Mr Bani-Sadr to a life of exile in Paris is replete with irony. It is nearly twenty years since he fled to France after taking part in an abortive uprising against the Shah organized by the Ayatollah Khomeini. Now, after a struggle for power in which he proved himself less adept than the Islamic fundamentalists, Mr Bani-Sadr has been forced out of Iran again, this time by the Khomeini regime. The wheel of revolution and exile has turned full circle.

Mr Bani-Sadr joins a growing number of Iranian exiles opposed to the rule of the clergy. They range from monarchist supporters of the late Shah's heir, Reza Pahlavi Khan, to militant left wingers of the Mujahiddin e Khalq. They also include a number of prominent ex-politicians, including the last Prime Minister under the Shah, Mr Shapour Bakhtiar. Mr Bani-Sadr is the kind of figure — perhaps the only figure — who has the necessary stature to forge the disparate elements of opposition into an effective force.

There are a number of obstacles, not the least of which is that the French Government has made it clear that it will discourage political activity. Another problem is that when in power, Mr Bani-Sadr relied too much on the impact of his own personality, and failed to cooperate sufficiently with others. Although he became a charismatic figure head with popularity he failed to put together any

party machinery. If he makes the same mistake in exile his chances of leading a cohesive opposition will be reduced. There are, moreover, people in the Iranian emigration who find Mr Bani-Sadr's mixture of left-wing ideas and Islam unacceptable. The former President's plane had scarcely touched down in Paris, for example, before Mr Bakhtiar was denouncing Mr Bani-Sadr as a "common criminal" who had received his "reward" at the hands of a regime he had helped into being.

This argument will have some appeal. But Mr Bakhtiar, like other survivors of the Shah's reign, is widely regarded as tarred with the brush of monarchist rule. Mr Bani-Sadr, by contrast, is respected for his courage and determination in standing up to a regime which had betrayed his original hopes by taking the path of cruel tyranny. As President-in-exile, he will attract those who deplore the despotism of the Shah and the clergy alike, and who share Mr Bani-Sadr's belief that pluralism, freedom of expression and economic rationalism can be made to work in Iran. These include the young idealists of the Mujahiddin, whose leader, Mr Massoud Rajavi, accompanied Mr Bani-Sadr into exile.

Mr Bani-Sadr and Mr Rajavi may be less effective outside the borders of Iran than if they had stayed inside the country. On the other hand, they were clearly finding it difficult to operate under-

ground, and came to feel that their best course would be to remain in liberty rather than risk capture and almost certain death. The Khomeini regime, after all, faces a chaotic situation. The clergy have not only to conduct a debilitating war against Iraq, they have also to manage a hopelessly dislocated economy, and achieve political stability in a country which is in a state of near-permanent anarchy. Mr Bani-Sadr's calculation is that the mullahs' regime will collapse under the weight of its own incompetence, and that he had better be out of the way when the structure of clerical rule comes crashing down.

The fact that the former President now refers to Ayatollah Khomeini as "Mr" is the clearest possible indication that he has indeed broken once and for all with the man he once revered as the Imam. The stage is thus set for a struggle between the ageing Ayatollah, beset by problems, and his erstwhile protégé, and "spiritual son", who at forty-three is still relatively young and confident. The Khomeini regime, it is true, appears to have complete control of the parliament, the presidency, and the press. But the Shah, too, appeared to wield absolute power over Iran's institutions.

The return of the Ayatollah from Paris proved that the Shah's hold was illusory. The Ayatollah can hardly be comforted by the thought that the wheel of fortune might turn full circle again.

## COMMONWEALTH GETS OUT THE STOCKS

The dispute over the Springbok rugby tour of New Zealand has now reached a point where the issues at stake go well beyond that of sporting contacts with South Africa. The tour itself is undesirable. It arouses justifiably strong feelings both inside New Zealand and in many other countries. In insisting that it should proceed the rugby authorities have blundered. These basic elements cannot be emphasised too much. But now there is the wider question of whether the response from the rest of the Commonwealth is in its best interests and in accordance with its own traditions.

The meeting of Commonwealth Finance Ministers in September has been moved from New Zealand to the Bahamas. That would be an appropriate gesture of protest if the New Zealand Government was violating into which it had freely entered. Mr Muldoon, the New Zealand Prime Minister, has indeed said that he expects his Government will withdraw from the Glenageary Agreement on sporting contacts with South Africa, because other Commonwealth members have put an unacceptable interpretation on it.

He would do better to say that the New Zealand Government would continue to honour its Glenageary obligations in the

future as it has in the past. It has not reneged on its commitment, nor has it adopted an unreasonable interpretation of it. The agreement of Commonwealth governments "vigorously to combat the evil of apartheid by withholding any form of support for, and by taking every practical step to discourage contact or competition by their nationals with sporting organizations, teams or sportsmen from South Africa".

The word "discourage" should be noted. The agreement does not say that governments must forbid or prevent their nationals from having such contacts. It allows the possibility that citizens of Commonwealth countries remain free people who may occasionally act in a manner that is displeasing to governments. The Glenageary agreement upon member governments is not to use every atom of state power at their command, but to do their best to dissuade their people from such sporting contacts.

That is precisely what Mr Muldoon has done. He objects to the tour. He has said so publicly. He has tried to persuade the rugby authorities to call it off, but he has failed. That puts him in exactly the same position as Mrs Thatcher,

who tried and failed to persuade most British athletes to stay away from the Moscow Olympics. She rightly refrained from using the power of the passport to prevent British athletes competing in Moscow, just as Mr Muldoon has declined to use the power of the visa to prevent the Springbok rugby players from entering New Zealand.

The New Zealand Government is being pilloried therefore not for failing to honour the Glenageary Agreement, but for allowing some of its nationals to behave in a way that is lawful but not to the liking of other Commonwealth governments. That is a different matter, and might as well be said bluntly, a sinister development. The Commonwealth has survived as well as it has because it has been sensitive to the differing circumstances of member countries. The looseness of its discipline, the breadth of its tolerance have rightly been regarded as its virtues. It would be seen in a different light if the citizens of member countries were no longer to be permitted to conduct themselves in a way that affronted the other Commonwealth governments.

correctly observes that "it would be quite wrong to imply that it is only on the left wing of the Labour Party that the cause of unilateral nuclear disarmament has waxed once again"; it would be equally, and perhaps more seriously, wrong to imply that only members or supporters of the Labour Party now adopt a unilateralist position. The demand for Britain's disassociation from the nuclear arms race now comes from British people of almost every social background and every political persuasion, and will continue to do so, with growing persistence and strength.

Yours faithfully,  
DAVID SEDDON,  
School of Development Studies,  
University of East Anglia,  
July 24.

## Deterrence dangers

From Dr David Seddon  
Sir, The headline of your recent leader (July 24) discussing the policy statement on defence adopted by the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party seems to me to be seriously misleading in two respects.

First, "Labour's naked Britain" implies a policy of total unilateral disarmament and abolition of all defences. But there is no suggestion in any resolution or statement, whether of the NEC or party conference, that any future Labour government would leave Britain naked, as implied. What is rejected is the notion that nuclear weapons constitute "the basis on which this country's security has been preserved for more than thirty years", as your leader argues.

Second, as your leader recognizes, "there has undoubtedly been a much more widespread resurgence both in this country and on the continent of Europe of the old fear of nuclear weapons". For a substantial and rapidly increasing number of people in this country that fear, together with a realization of the ghastly dangers of a policy of defence centred on nuclear weapons, has created an awareness of the need for alternative policies.

The remarkable growth over the past year of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and other related or similar movements demonstrates that "the demand that Britain should disassociate itself from nuclear activities and nuclear entanglements" is becoming ever more widely supported within this country. Your leader

## Factory farming and the meat diet

From Dr Alan Long  
Sir, Publication of the report of the House of Commons Select Committee on the "factory farming crisis" (report, July 25) and the political corollaries in the United Kingdom and EEC should not divert the consumer from his responsibilities in objectionable farming practices.

The obsession with protein, particularly of animal origin, and the greed for "convenient" and "cheap" food (with the consequent unwillingness to pay for decent work and stockmanship on the farm) have contributed to the development of a mechanized "agriculture", stuffing feed into animals remarkable for their output and fecundity, short gestation, and rapid growth before puberty. These deprivations, contributing to the cult in "high standards of living, have been abetted by the involvement of the drug industry and science versa.

Although pigs and poultry have been notoriously exploited, the cow too has suffered. Shakespear used the plight of the cow and her calf to illustrate a paradigm of man's remorselessness. Four centuries later mankind goes to even greater lengths to squeeze milk and calves out of her.

In the last 25 years' yields of milk from the cow have increased by a third, while the time spent in the stockmanship has been reduced from 123 to 44 hours per year per cow. Mastitis (a catarrh-like discharge into the milk in the udder) constantly threatens the British herd. Prophylactic medication cannot save the modern cow from calving, before she can start her fourth lactation. The markets in hamburgers, mince, and sausages are manipulated to dispose of the resulting yields of cow beef.

The average Briton consumes each year more than himself. In his lifetime he devours eight calves, 36 pigs, 36 sheep, and 550 poultry. Factory farming requires factory killing: 3,000 animals are slaughtered every minute in the working day. In this massacre all the victims are bleeding out after a few hours have been cut after a few hours when they are stuck, and some are despatched sent into scalding tanks.

In 1979 the *British Medical Journal* published a magisterial "Prescription for a better British diet", which recommended a reduction among other reforms, of 15 per cent of meat consumption by 15 per cent. By adopting this salutary initiative consumers could spare 55 million animals a year from the horrors in modern farming (the average of five and a half million a year) and safeguarding animals is waiting for political reforms are not enough to oust the "cruelty and violence in modern food production: our knowledge and appetite can exert immediate mercy.

Good wishes,  
ALAN LONG,  
The Vegetarian Society,  
53 Marlborough Road,  
Kensington W8.

## A voice abroad

From Professor Alan Thompson  
Sir, Lord Carrington's statement that BBC broadcasts in Italian are heard by only a "few enthusiastic sleepwalkers" (report, July 20) is not borne out by experience. Four years ago, when I was a governor of the BBC, I was invited to address a university audience in Rome in the British Broadcasting system. I gave a lecture on the analysis of our achievements and problems in this field. The lecture was also attended by Italian diplomats, editors, politicians and broadcasters, including a prominent representative from the Vatican. The British Minister in Rome kindly took the chair.

The overwhelming impression I received was one of considerable admiration and respect for our broadcasting system, and not least for our broadcasts to Italy. The occasion was particularly significant for me, as a young soldier, I had broadcast political news programmes on behalf of the Allied forces on our military radio station in Rome.

It is true that our relations today with Italy are excellent. Nevertheless, continuing international friendship requires continuing effort in the cultural and broadcasting fields. Furthermore, the million Italians who listen to the BBC include the most influential people in Italian life: politicians, academics, businessmen, artists, and religious leaders.

In her recent visit to Italy, Her Majesty the Queen made a most moving and eloquent speech at the Quirinale Palace, advocating the cause of British-Italian friendship in world affairs. To save £210,000 by closing down the BBC's Italian service seems to be a miserable postscript to Her Majesty's triumphant state visit.

Yours faithfully,  
ALAN THOMPSON,  
11 Upper Gray Street,  
Edinburgh 9.

## Kidney patients

From Mrs Philippa Foot, FBA  
Sir, In your leader of July 24 on the choice of patients for kidney dialysis or transplant, we read that it would be "hard to say in principle" that a patient's blindness or the fact that he was separated from his wife should be excluded from the decision. This is dangerous nonsense, implying as it does that the handicapped or unfortunate have a diminished right to life. "To him who hath" indeed!

Yours faithfully,  
PHILIPPA FOOT,  
15 Walton Street,  
Oxford.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Long-term destiny of inner cities

From Lord Walston  
Sir, Of course the immediate problems of the inner cities must be dealt with. Conditions of life for those living there must be improved, and jobs found for them. But the difficulties and hardships which have long been apparent to those who live there, and to a few others, and of which the country at large has been painfully aware in the past weeks, must not blind us to the long-term situation. Inexorable demographic forces are leading to an exodus from the great conurbations to pleasant areas.

These conurbations grew up as part of the Industrial Revolution. People left the rural areas in their hundreds of thousands to find work in the new factories. The factories, for sound economic reasons, were placed in areas of good communications — ports and railways — and where raw materials, largely iron and coal, were available. The men and women who worked in these factories had to live within walking distance of their work. They were attracted by higher wages than they could earn on the land, and by freedom from the watchful eye of landlord, farmer and parson.

Today none of these factors exist. Rural areas now have the services that formerly were found only in towns. People will happily travel 20 miles or more to work. Conditions of life in small towns and villages are becoming preferable to those in great cities.

### Manning the police force

From Police Inspector Peter F. Maddison  
Sir, The letter from Mr John Stokes (July 23) shows a sad lack of confidence in the leadership of the police today. I feel that his suggestion that the introduction of an officer class shows an insensitivity into the distinction which must be drawn between Her Majesty's Forces and the police service.

HM Forces are primarily structured to preserve the country from outside aggression and as such consist of teams of men from platoon upwards who act as a unit under the direction of one man, an officer.

The police service, while, as the recent riots show, having to work in concerted numbers under good leadership, is fundamentally a community organization. Each police officer must be capable of working at an individual level within the society being policed with a high level of responsibility and direction being placed on his shoulders.

The stipulation in the police service that every officer regard less of potential must serve as a uniformed constable during the first two years of his service reinforces the links between the officer and the community. It also ensures that proper supervising officers can take place only with public consent. There is a real danger inherent in the latest police pay increase, just announced for September. It is that the police will become a well paid elite, more and more separated from the communities which they serve. This will be particularly likely in areas of high unemployment where the distinction may well be between those with no pay, and those — the police — with substantially above average pay.

Is not this likely to increase alienation between police and public, thereby making proper policing even more difficult? Yours faithfully,  
P. F. KIRKMAN,  
19 High Street,  
Willingham,  
Cambridge.  
July 27.

### The centre hope

From Mr David Green  
Sir, I have fought two general elections and one by-election in the Liberal Party and apart from dedicating a considerable proportion of time and energy to it over sixteen years of my life. Beyond specific party considerations however I did it also in the conviction that there was no other way in which we could create a focus for all of those scattered throughout the Liberal, Labour and Conservative parties whose concern is that we should at last have progressive non-dogmatic realistic government.

Part of our national heritage has been that extremists of the right and left, finding no independent outlet for their energies because of our electoral system, have infiltrated the two major parties, and have increasingly procured the adoption by them of dogmatic irrelevances that spell destruction for all of us.

Experience made clear, to me at least, that the historical and philosophical legacy of the Liberal Party rendered it incapable of gaining the confidence of those in the broad centre of British politics, which in truth accommodate a considerable majority of the electorate. Until that became possible the old parties would

continue to be able to divide and rule. The emergence of the SDP provided the hope that in a true alliance with the Liberal Party that would come to pass, and that Warrington by-election has added real substance to that hope. If however that hope is to be realized, then the Liberal Party too must accept that it will involve fundamental rethinking of its traditional postures, for these are as surely dictated by the historic pattern which has produced the Conservative and Labour parties as is the inherent weakness and danger in them.

Our national condition is one of fast accelerating decline. It is one in which democracy itself could be at risk. The national interest is that as many new members from the broad centre of British politics be got into Parliament as possible, and as quickly as possible. And if the Liberal and SDP parties are to be sincere in that intent, it involves putting up the candidate most likely to win, regardless of which of them holds his certificate of origin.

Yours faithfully,  
DAVID GREEN,  
Rhyd yr Harding,  
Castle Morris,  
Haverfordwest,  
Dyfed.

varied backgrounds to contribute to the leadership of the service.

The Trenchard scheme was discarded as not being suitable to the needs of a modern police service. One must not make the mistake of thinking that all old fashioned ideas with regard to the police were better than today's practice.

Yours faithfully,  
PETER F. MADDISON,  
23 The Orchard,  
Sedgefield,  
Stockton-on-Tees,  
Cleveland.  
July 23.

From Mr W. P. Kirkman  
Sir, As a careers adviser in two universities I have been closely concerned with recruitment to the police during 16 years. The achievement of adequate salaries for police officers was a step of crucial importance. The position now, taking both pay and lodging allowances into account, is that police officers are quite reasonably, among the best paid members of the community. Certainly, for example, the starting salary for a constable aged 22 compares favourably with starting salaries in other jobs to which graduates go.

Any sensible police officer will tell you that proper policing, British style, can take place only with public consent. There is a real danger inherent in the latest police pay increase, just announced for September. It is that the police will become a well paid elite, more and more separated from the communities which they serve. This will be particularly likely in areas of high unemployment where the distinction may well be between those with no pay, and those — the police — with substantially above average pay.

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Yours faithfully,  
DAVID GREEN,  
Rhyd yr Harding,  
Castle Morris,  
Haverfordwest,  
Dyfed.

extent that she sees fit to have an article in *The Times* about it, there are children all over the tropical world in vast numbers who would dearly love to have, and benefit from, an X-ray in order to assist diagnosis of fractured bones, osteomyelitis, tuberculosis, etc., etc.

Many doctors and nurses working in poor conditions in undeveloped countries would read Ms Mooney's article with a sneer and put it away. Some would be sufficiently annoyed by its attention to detail to write and ask: "Has she nothing better to do?" Yours, etc.,  
P. M. FENTON,  
Villa Base Hospital,  
PO Box 55,  
Vila, Vanuatu,  
South Pacific.

### Test of nerve and enterprise

From Mr Bruce R. Miles  
Sir, From Australia to the English team of the Third Test: congratulations upon a wonderful victory. To the Australian team: congratulations also for being part of possibly the best cricket match in thirty years.

For all cricketers, coaches and especially the international teams, there is a lesson in the Third Test? It is obvious to all that batting is more difficult than once it was. The fielders are more strategically placed, the pitches are more capricious and the fast bowlers move the ball from the pichers' hands as the slow spinners once did. Such hazards are met by at least two alternative methods.

The first is to be ultra-defensive, to score runs at the rate of ten per hour and to ensure that the bat touches the ball only in the most dire circumstances. Such practices may have some success but one certain result is the emptying of the world's cricket grounds.

The second way to counter the new hazards is the Botham method. That is to hit the elusive ball as hard and as often as possible: to take a chance upon making no runs, very few runs, a century or cricketing history.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone, coaches especially, realized that the Botham way is the better way? Then the cricket grounds would be full and there would not be enough television sets to follow the action day and night.

Yours faithfully,  
BRUCE R. MILES,  
Cricketer Supporters' Association,  
36 King Street,  
Sydney, NSW 2000,  
Australia.  
July 22.

### The issue of Gibraltar

From Lord Boyd-Carpenter  
Sir, Lord Sala's bland reference in your issue of today (July 23) to "lack of diplomatic tact" in connection with the forthcoming most welcome visit to Gibraltar by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales is quite staggering in its effrontery. To suggest that because a foreign country has seen fit to put forward a claim to what has been British territory for 24 centuries, and whose inhabitants wish to remain British, the heir to the British throne should not be allowed to visit that territory is an absurdity. Am I not to visit my house because to do so might be tactless to a neighbour who is trying to make it his?

Spanish relations are not going to improve until Spain recognizes, as she did tacitly before the late General Franco raised the issue, that Gibraltar has been British for a long time (longer than it was Spanish), is British, and will so remain. It does not help to return to sanity in this matter to try to avoid the issue by being tactful about Spanish "sensitivity". It is kinder and wiser in the long run to be quite clear about it.

And if Dr Sala is concerned about "diplomatic tact" he might usefully address himself to his friends in Madrid who are still blockading the Rock and hampering its airport fifteen months after their Foreign Minister promised to stop it. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
BOYD-CARPENTER,  
House of Lords,  
July 28.

### Royal choice

From Dr J. A. H. Wylie  
Sir, Many will recall that when 600 of us signed Professor David Martin's petition against the overbearing replacement of traditional forms of worship in the Church of England by Series II, III and their sequelae, we and all other opponents of the Liturgical Commission were summarily dismissed as disbelieving dons or reactionary old fuddy-duddies.

How refreshing, therefore, that the Prince of Wales and his bride-to-be, young and intelligent trendsetters both, opted for Series I to solemnize their wedding. In the face of this salutary proof of their errors, is it too much to hope that arrogant principals of theological colleges and others who seek, directly or indirectly, to foist upon the cowed faithful their invalid and ugly liturgical ducklings will now, with due humility, desist and amend their ways accordingly?

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant,  
JOHN A. H. WYLIE,  
94 Portland Place,  
Kemp Town,  
Brighton.

### Road to ruin?

From Mr William Golding  
Sir, The controlled passion in your third leader today ("The high price of eight minutes", July 25) is unanswerable. Let us hope that those in authority find it irresistible!

We are in process of tying the country down under a system of concrete deserts that will serve no more than a few years of heavy traffic, then be as useless and less attractive than linear earthworks. This latest bit of bureaucratic cheeseparing drives a nail through the dreams of Samuel Palmer and the visions of Blake. Hear the voice of the bard:

"God us keep  
From single vision and Newton's sleep!"

With hope still,  
Yours sincerely,  
WILLIAM GOLDING,  
Ebble Thatch,  
Bowerchalke,  
Salisbury,  
Wiltshire.  
July 25.





## COURT AND SOCIAL

## COURT CIRCULAR

## BUCKINGHAM PALACE

July 29: The Marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Lady Diana Spencer was celebrated in St Paul's Cathedral this morning.

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, with Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother and other Members of the Royal Family, drove to St Paul's Cathedral in a carriage procession escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, with two Standards, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Parker Bowles, The Blues and Royals.

## THE QUEEN

First Carriage (State Landau)

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Second Carriage (State Landau)

Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother

The Prince Edward

Third Carriage (State Landau)

The Princess Anne, Mrs Mark Phillips

Captain Mark Phillips

The Princess Margaret, Countess of Sandwich

Viscount Linley

Fourth Carriage (State Landau)

Princess Alice Duchess of Gloucester

The Duke of Gloucester

The Duchess of Gloucester

Baroness Mary of Warrington

Fifth Carriage (State Landau)

The Duke of Kent

The Duchess of Kent

Earl of St Andrews

Lady Helen Windsor

Sixth Carriage (State Landau)

Princess Michael of Kent

The Duchess of Grafton

(Misses of the Duke)

The Earl of Westmorland

(Master of the Horse)

Seventh Carriage (State Landau)

Princess Alexandra, The Hon Mrs Angus Ogilvy

The Hon Angus Ogilvy

James Ogilvy

Miss Marina Ogilvy

A Guard of Honour found by the Queen's Guard, made up of a strength of 100 and provided by the Prince of Wales's Company, 1st Battalion Welsh Guards, and the Queen's Colour, and accompanied by the Band of the Regiment and the Corps of Drums of the Battalion, under the command of Major Guy Sayle, was mounted in the Forecourt of Buckingham Palace.

Silver Stick in Waiting (Colonel Andrew Hargrave, The Life Guards) and the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting (Colonel David Gordon, Grenadier Guards) were present.

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother and other Members of the Royal Family, were received at the Steps of St Paul's Cathedral by the Right Hon the Lord Mayor

(Alderman Sir Ronald Gardner-Thorpe) and at the West Door by the Dean and Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Sec of the House.

A procession was formed and their Majesties and Their Royal Highnesses were conducted to their places.

The Earl and Countess of Harewood, the Earl and Countess of Lascaris, the Duke of Devon, Captain Alexander Ramsay and the Lady Selkirk, the Marchioness of Cambridge, the Duke of Norfolk and Lady May Abel Smith and Colonel Sir Henry Abel Smith were present in the Cathedral.

Sovereigns, Heads of State and other Foreign Representatives were also present.

The Prince of Wales, with The Prince Andrew, drove to St Paul's Cathedral in a carriage procession escorted by a Prince of Wales' Escort of the Household Cavalry under the command of Major Anthony De Ritz, The Life Guards.

First Carriage (1902 State Landau)

THE BRIDEGROOM

The Prince Andrew

Second Carriage (State Landau)

The Lord Edward Astor

(Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales)

Mr Francis Cornish

(Assistant Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales)

Major John Winter

(Esquire to the Prince of Wales)

The Prince of Wales, with The Prince Andrew (Supporter), was received at the West Door of the Cathedral by the Dean and Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Having been joined by The Prince Edward (Supporter), a procession was formed and Their Royal Highnesses were conducted to their places.

The Earl Spencer and the Lady Diana Spencer drove to St Paul's Cathedral in the Church of the Garter, and were received at the West Door by the Dean and Chapter, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Lady Diana Spencer was joined at the Cathedral by Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, Miss India Hicks, Miss Sarah Jane Gaskell, Miss Catherine Cameron and Miss Clemence Hamble (Bridesmaids), and Mr Edward van Cutsem and Lord Nicholas Windsor (Pages).

The Service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of St Paul's.

The Lesson was read by the Right Hon the Speaker.

The Address was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Prayers were said by the Right Reverend the Lord Cogan, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and the Reverend Harry Williams.

At the conclusion of the Service the Registers were signed in the Dean's Aisle.

The Bride and Bridegroom were conducted to their carriage and escorted by a Prince of Wales' Escort of the Household Cavalry, drove to Buckingham Palace.

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, with Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother and other

Members of the Royal Family, the Earl Spencer and the Earl and Countess of Lascaris, proceeded to Buckingham Palace in a carriage procession escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, with two Standards, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Parker Bowles, The Blues and Royals.

The Governor (Major-General Sir Peter Gifford) and Military Knights of Windsor were on duty outside the Chapel of St Michael and St George, in St Paul's Cathedral.

A Tri-Service Guard of Honour found by the Royal Army, the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, accompanied by the Band of the Royal Marines Commando Forces, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Simon Stocker, The Royal Regiment of Wales, was mounted outside the West Door.

The Route of the Procession was lined by detachments of the Armed Forces.

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh gave a Wedding Breakfast in the interior of the Bride and Bridegroom.

The String Orchestra of the Welsh Guards, under the direction of Major D. N. Taylor played selections of music during the Wedding Breakfast.

The Bride and Bridegroom subsequently left the Palace for Broadlands and were escorted to Waterloo Railway Station by a Travelling Escort of the Household Cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Parker Bowles, The Blues and Royals.

By command of The Queen, the Lord Somerleyton (Lord in Waiting) was present at the Royal Air Force Northolt this evening upon the departure of The Queen of the Netherlands and Prince Claus of the Netherlands, and at Heathrow Airport, London, upon the departure of The President of the French Republic and Madame Mitterrand, and bade farewell to Her Majesty and Their Majesties on behalf of Her Majesty.

By command of The Queen, the Lord Charteris of Amisfield (Permanent Lord in Waiting) was present at Royal Air Force Northolt this evening upon the departure of The Queen of the Netherlands and Prince Claus of the Netherlands, and at Heathrow Airport, London, upon the departure of The President of the French Republic and Madame Mitterrand, and bade farewell to Her Majesty and Their Majesties on behalf of Her Majesty.

Princess Alexandra will open the Walton Building, the headquarters of the new International Centre for Eye Health, Department of Preventive Ophthalmology of the Institute of Ophthalmology, Moorfields Eye Hospital, London, on September 15.



Members of the Gloucester and Kent royal families in St Paul's Cathedral. From left: Lady Helen Windsor, the Earl of St Andrews, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent, the Earl of Ulster, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Alice Duchess of Gloucester.

## Forthcoming

## marriages

Mr P. A. C. Russell-Cobb and Miss S. J. Chichester-Clark. The engagement is announced between Piers Andrew Conrad, son of Mr Trevor Russell-Cobb and the late Mrs Russell-Cobb, and Sophia Melissa Jane, daughter of Sir Robin Chichester-Clark and Mrs C. G. Fallon.

Captain C. W. Hird and Miss S. Murgatroyd. The engagement is announced between Colonel Hird, of Caterston, Westmorland, and Miss Hazel Stanley, of Hemel Hempstead, and Sue, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs H. Murgatroyd, of The Haven, Billingshurst, Sussex.

Mr D. R. Murphy and Miss L. A. Gosling. The engagement is announced between Roy, son of the late Mr D. R. Murphy, and Lucy Gosling, MVO, daughter of Lieut-Colonel and Mrs W. D. Gosling, of Farnham, Essex.

Mr D. H. C. Brigstocke and Miss N. A. Cane. The engagement is announced between David, eldest son of the late Mr Geoffrey Brigstocke, and of Mrs Brigstocke, of 48 Rowan Road, London, W6, and Nancy, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert Cane, of Syracuse, New York.

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Mr S. M. Haslam and Miss C. N. Alcock. The engagement is announced between Simon Mark, eldest son of Mr and Mrs P. H. Haslam, of The Green, Alkington, Derby, and Catherine Nina, only daughter of Captain R. K. Alcock, RN, Rtd, and County Councillor Mrs N. R. Alcock, of Bramham Court, Bramham, Suffolk.

Mr L. J. Spencer and Miss C. M. Langford. The engagement is announced between Leonard, son of the late Mr L. J. Spencer, of Caterston, Westmorland, and Miss Hazel Stanley, of Hemel Hempstead, and Sue, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs H. Murgatroyd, of The Haven, Billingshurst, Sussex.

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## Down to earth again, trailing clouds of glory

# Life at the bottom is far from dormant

## Moolman and his pack earn Springboks win

## Turner century eases path of Worcester

## Lancashire fall to Hughes

## Sussex inspired by Imran

which Grace Road might have attracted. Like several other county clubs in recent years, Leicestershire may have discovered that the occasional game "in the colours" draws a larger crowd

**fifth of second**

100

## Two great teams merged to form British eight

**Cycling**  
**Vates will not**

## Britain leave out their man of the moment

## Tennis

**SOUTH ORANGE (New Jersey):** Open tournament first round: J. Aris beat I. Nastase (Romania), 1-6, 6-3, 7-6; C. Mayer beat C. Castellani (Argentina), 6-2, 6-4; M. Grant (Spain) beat R. Krishnar (India), 5-7, 6-3; F. Buehring beat T. Wisker

## Football

**FRENCH LEAGUE:** St Etienne Monaco 0; Nice 2, Bordeaux 2; Paris SG 2, Laval 1; Valenciennes 0, Lyon 1; Nantes 1, Bastia 0; Sochaux 2, Metz 2; Brest 2, Tours 1; Lens 0, Strasbourg 1; Auxerre 1, Lille 2; Nancy 3, Montpellier 2.

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## Easier borrowing for state industries

By Rupert Morris

The Treasury is ready to approve more flexible arrangements for borrowing by state-owned industries. In response to pleading by the chairmen of the nationalized industries, an agreement has been reached in principle that the industries should be able to borrow from the National Loans Fund on variable terms depending on the project for which the finance is required.

But the question whether state industries should be able to borrow freely in private sector markets remains open. There is as yet no indication that the Treasury is prepared to consider any relaxation of the contentious external financing limits, which limit the extent to which nationalized industries can borrow from outside.

Ministers remain firm on the finance limits, which are seen as essential to the maintenance of a steady Public Sector Borrowing Requirement.

Mr James Driscoll, director of the Nationalized Industries Chairman's Group, said they had three main aims: to loosen the external financing limits, which, he said, were stifling valuable public investment; to enable nationalized industries to use risk capital borrowed from government; and to enable nationalized industries to borrow freely in private sector markets.

Although aware that his first proposal was sure to run into strong Treasury opposition, Mr Driscoll emphasized that the group was asking for only an additional £500m in a year. This, he pointed out, was only one tenth of the margin of error in the estimates of public sector borrowing.

It appears that the Treasury is prepared to look again at the system whereby nationalized industries have to borrow from the National Loans Fund at a fixed interest rate, repayable after 15 or 20 years.

Sir Derek Ezra, Coal Board chairman, reinforced the argument earlier this week when he said that if he had been able to finance half his borrowings by dividend capital, he could have turned a £57.8m deficit into a £70m net profit.

The argument is that nationalized industries such as coal, which are as risk-prone as any private sector business, should be able to borrow from government for flexible periods and be able to pay back flexible dividends.

## Collieries plan for greenfield Midlands site

By Rupert Morris

Plans to develop a Warwickshire coalfield almost as big as the Vale of Belvoir will shortly be presented to top officials of the National Coal Board.

An application for planning permission is expected to follow early next year.

A feasibility study by the coal board into the 108 square miles between Coventry and Leamington Spa is nearly complete, and all the indications are that it could become one of the most profitable and productive coal areas in Britain.

Possesses at least 400 million tonnes of recoverable coal, compared with Belvoir's 550 million tonnes.

The Warwickshire coalfield study, although at a relatively early stage, has already run into objections from local conservationists, who are attempting to defend the countryside and the Duke of Rutland and others defended Belvoir.

At present there are two pits mining the rich "Warwickshire thick" coal, so-called for the depth and quality of the seam. They are Coventry, about three miles north of the city centre, and Daw Mill, about eight miles to the north-west.

Both pits are among the most profitable in the country, with Daw Mill having already been substantially extended to produce 1.1 million tonnes a year. Coventry produces 700,000 tonnes a year.

The feasibility study will look at proposals to increase Daw Mill's capacity to 2 million tonnes, and Coventry's to 1.1 million.

But if the coalfield were to be developed properly, new collieries would have to be built south of Coventry.

The coal board insists that the Warwickshire coalfields cannot be compared with Belvoir, and it needs to be fully exploited to meet future energy demands.

The feasibility study proves satisfactory, a coal board could apply for planning permission early next year. There would then have to be a public inquiry. If the experience of Belvoir is anything to go by, it would be highly unlikely that work could begin before 1985.

The Belvoir public inquiry has taken two years, and the arguments are continuing within the Cabinet about whether the coal board should be allowed to go ahead.

Mr Michael Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment, wants to block the scheme, at least at present, and the impending Warwickshire study might give him more reason to urge delay.

But the Department of Energy has been convinced by comment from the telecommunications industry to be submitted to him within two months to allow him time to formulate a policy and make a statement in the House of Commons before Parliament's summer recess.

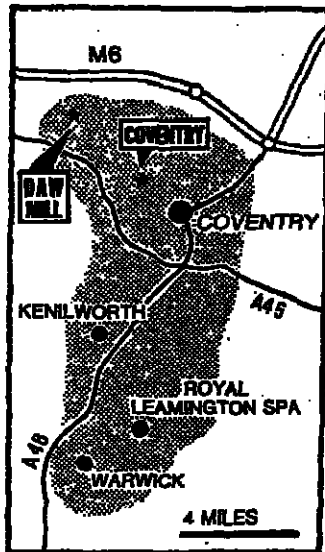
The Government is expected to favour in principle most of Beesley's findings.

About 150 Conservative MPs signed a Commons motion two weeks ago encouraging the Government to pursue liberalization "relentlessly."

When the report was published Sir Keith invited Professor of Economics at the London Graduate School of Business Studies, favours the private sector providing certain services in competition with British Telecom.

The British Telecommunications Bill, which received the Royal Assent last Monday, empowers the Government to license private operators of telecommunications networks or the providers of new services.

When the report was published Sir Keith invited Professor Michael Beesley, a Treasury and Civil Service select committee has been examining finance for nationalized industries, and is expected to report on August 12. By the beginning of October, a working party of the National Economic Development Office will also have concluded its deliberations.



The coal board's plans that it needs the Belvoir coal, as well as its assurances that it can minimize environmental damage.

The South Warwickshire coalfield covers Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, and Leamington Spa. However, its boundaries cannot be drawn precisely as its full extent is still not clear. Boreholes are still being dug mainly south of Warwick and Leamington.

The coal board has been at pains to play down the impact of the "intensive review" it is conducting into 20 pits, some of which may have exhausted their supplies of coal.

The Government's recent decision to provide the coal board with additional support to enable uneconomic pits to be kept open was studied by the all-party Commons select committee on energy, whose report on industrial energy pricing was published on Tuesday (Edward Townsend writes).

The report said: "We do not underestimate the difficulties of defining uneconomic pits, still less the hardship involved in their closure, which by its nature would be unevenly concentrated in small areas heavily dependent on mining for employment."

However, given that the Government wished to keep such mines active for social reasons, it could see no reason that the additional expenditure should be a burden on Department of Energy expenditure and consequently reflected in coal prices. The committee advocated, instead, that the cost be treated as a social services or employment protection responsibility.

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## Convicted man made chairman of Italian bank

Embarrassment has been caused in the Italian banking world by the confirmation of Signor Roberto Calvi as chairman of Banco Ambrosiano.

A week ago, Signor Calvi was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and a £16,500m (£7.3m) fine for illegal currency export. The Bank of Italy has issued a statement denying that it gave its assent.

Signor Calvi, who is at provisional liberty pending the appeal hearing, was confirmed yesterday afternoon at a board meeting in Milan over which he presided.

However, the meeting decided to request authorization from the Bank of Italy—necessary because modification of the statute of even a private bank requires central bank permission—to support Signor Calvi with an executive committee.

The only resignation from the board announced after the meeting was that of Herr Carl Von Casterberg, a Swiss citizen, who was also a defendant at the trial, but was acquitted.

Reports are current that Signor Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, the governor of the Bank of Italy, made known to Signor Calvi at a meeting last Friday that he would favour his resignation in the interest of upholding the credibility of the central bank.

Signor Calvi has declined all comment on these reports. Banco Ambrosiano is Italy's second biggest private bank, after Banca Nazionale Dell'Agricoltura.

The offences for which Signor Calvi was found guilty concerned share dealings by La Centrale, an Ambrosiano subsidiary, which anonymous financial companies in Liechtenstein and elsewhere.

La Centrale recently bought 40 per cent of the Rizzoli publishing group, which owns

Corriere Della Sera, the leading Milan daily newspaper, but it is uncertain whether the government and Bank of Italy will allow the purchase to go through.

Only recently, Signor Calvi recovered after swallowing, while in prison, a large dose of tranquillizer pills, in what the prosecutor described as a suicide attempt.

He has both long-standing associations with Vatican financiers and was on the membership list of the P2 Masonic group, which the government has decided to ban as a secret organization.

Business Diary, page 19

Calvi: Recently sentenced

## BL urges unions to break negotiating deadlock

By Clifford Webb, Midlands Industrial Correspondent

Leaders of the 11 unions representing BL's 53,000 manual carworkers are being pressed by the company to take unorthodox action to break a nine-month-old deadlock over wage negotiating procedures.

The joint negotiating committee, which was set up nearly four years ago to introduce central bargaining and the wage leapfrogging resulting from individual plant deals, collapsed in the bitter aftermath of last November's settlement.

Both sides agreed to form a more workmanlike body. It was acknowledged publicly by the unions that the existing council was inadequate. Privately, they admitted that the core of militant shop stewards who dominated its discussions had turned it into an undisciplined body which was unable to take responsible decisions.

There was also widespread unrest in union headquarters over the dominant role of the Transport and General Workers who provided the chairman, Mr Grenville Hawley, the union's national automotive officer.

For much of the winter, BL kept nagging union leaders to get to grips with the problem, but it was not until March that the two sides met formally to consider draft proposals by the company. As expected TGWU's role on a new council was again the main issue. BL proposed that union executives should each nominate a full-time officer and 12 further representatives, who could be either full-time officers or shop steward members of individual plant committees.

The unions were left to themselves to decide how these 12 posts should be split. The TGWU demanded half the seats and the chairman's casting vote. It based this claim on its 55 per cent share of BL car employees. There was an immediate outcry from other unions, led by Mr Terry Duffy's Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, with 30 per cent membership in BL factories.

Another issue of which much has been made by shopfloor militancy is BL's proposal that shop stewards should work normally unless carrying out officially recognized union duties. There were protests at what some shop stewards described as "a blatant attempt to strip away the right of shop stewards to make decisions on BL's behalf."

Despite six subsequent meetings between a management team led by Mr Geoffrey Armstrong, director of employee relations at BL Cars, and union officials, there has been little or no progress. Now, with time running out for settlement of the 1982 pay deal, which should commence in November, the company has told the unions that talks must start in August—and the only solution would seem to be a temporary negotiating body comprising one full-time official from each union.

BL has emphasized that after winning central bargaining in the face of a bitter rear-guard action by shop stewards who saw it as an attack on their traditional power base, it will not consider reverting to local plant negotiations. But the testing time will come in the next few weeks, when individual plant meetings will be held to fix wage demands.

The feeling in some union circles is that failing a surprise concession on council membership by the TGWU, they will go along with the full-time officials proposal with Mr Hawley leading the union team.

It is conceded, however, that such a move will place this well-liked moderate in a very invidious position. Mr Hawley has already been widely criticized for the very low wage settlements under his chairmanship of the council. Over the past three years, they have been 6.8 per cent, five per cent and five per cent. This disguises other concessions, such as the granting of pay parity between all plants and the introduction of a bonus incentive scheme.



Hawley, national automotive officer of the TGWU. Moderate under pressure.



Armstrong: Leading management team.

However, it is privately felt by some union leaders that BL's request is long overdue. Too many shop stewards have come to regard the holding of the office as a perk enabling them to avoid the drudgery of the assembly line or workbench. But union leaders acknowledge that it is an emotive issue which will have to be handled carefully if BL is to avoid a confrontation.

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## EEC holds up £360m British aid for steel

From Peter Norman, Brussels, July 29

The European Commission is allowing the British Government to give the British Corporation £190m of aid, but a further £360m requested by the Government earlier this month, is being withheld pending a thorough examination of British Steel's restructuring plans.

The Commission has made the £190m conditional on British Steel limiting its finished production to 13.9 million tonnes in its present financial year, which ends next March.

Any increase in output and any use of the 6.6 million tonnes of capacity that is being held in reserve will require the permission of the Commission.

The Brussels authorities have imposed other conditions on the grant. Until the end of October, the British Government will only be able to give British Steel the cash to cover emergency expenses. The Government also will have to report to Brussels monthly on the aid disbursement.

During September, the Government will have to inform the Commission about the steel corporation's restructuring programme for 1982 through to 1985. Final decisions will only be allowed after a joint examination of the proposals by the British Government and the Commission.

The Commission's decision is in response to a British Government request to grant £1,280m to British Steel to finance its 1980-1982 restructuring programme.

In May, the Commission approved a £530m package and began investigating the request for the remaining £750m.

By the beginning of this month, the Government had written to Brussels to say that it was asking permission for only £550m of additional aid. The £190m approved by the Commission this week is part of this.

The conditions applied to the aid show that the Commission is determined to apply the strict EEC code on state aid to the steel industry that was agreed by ministers in June. It linked the issue of cutting capacity to the granting of state aid.

The Commission is concerned about the 6.6 million tonnes of capacity that British Steel either has mothballed or is running on short time. This is far larger than the 0.9 million tonnes that British Steel will scrap in 1981-1982.

It is thought in Brussels that adoption of the code last month might have persuaded the British Government to drop £200m from its request.

British Steel made no formal comment immediately on the Commission's decision, but the corporation's leaders clearly believe that the British steel industry has done more than its European competitors in reducing capacity. They consider that the EEC should scrutinize steelmakers in countries like Italy, where capacity has been expanded (Edward Townsend writes).

British Steel has cut planned capacity from 21.5 million tonnes to 14.4 million tonnes in 18 months and reduced its labour force by about 70,000.

The EEC Commission has authorized the Danish Government to participate in the financial restructuring of the steel company Det Danske Staalværk (DDS).

Permission was given on condition that a group of independent experts reports to the Commission on the company's viability. Also, DDS must reduce production of light sections and sheet to conform with EEC quotas.

## Hollywood's Fox on the run

From Iver Davis, Los Angeles, July 29

Mr Marvin Davis, the oil tycoon who is the new owner of Twentieth Century Fox Studios, is planning to move the operation out of Los Angeles several miles west to an area near the Santa Monica airport within the next two years.

In an interview with the Los Angeles Times Mr Davis, who paid more than \$800m (about £430m) for Fox, also said that his company was discussing a deal with Home Box Office, America's biggest paid cable network, to produce 20 films all costing less than \$4m that will be screened first on pay television.

This would mark the first step by a leading film studio into the pay television market. It was also disclosed last week that Aetna Life and Casualty Company has become an equal partner with Mr

The closing and relocation of the film studio would, however, end a glorious era in Hollywood film history, although Mr Davis said that there was no agreement yet to move sound stages and production facilities.

The newspaper also disclosed that Mr Davis's previously unidentified partner in the takeover of Fox earlier this year was the Richo company controlled by Mr Marc Rich, New York financier who shunned publicity.

Richo, based in the Dutch Antilles, is said to be a subsidiary of a Netherlands corporation which is one of the largest trading organizations in the world.

According to public documents, Mr Davis owns the voting stock of Fox and the unnamed partner owns the same amount of non-voting stock. Mr Davis and Mr Rich have been partners in previous ventures.

Published reports describe Richo as one of the specialized commodity trading companies which are highly secretive about their financial dealings.

The apparent decision to capitalize on the valuable studio land, where hundreds of films have been made, is not surprising. Mr Davis said that the property was too valuable to have a studio sitting on it.

Davis in developing the six-story three-acre where Fox is situated at present, next door to the mushrooming Century City, a high rise office building and hotel complex. Most of Century City has grown in the past decade on land that was once Fox's sprawling film back lot.

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## Response to Beesley out soon

By Bill Johnstone

The Government's long-awaited response to the Beesley report on the possibility of privately-funded telecommunications services is expected to be published within the next 24 hours.

Sir Keith Joseph, the Secretary of State for Industry, published the Beesley findings in April after they had been studied for three months by the Department of Industry.

The study, conducted by Professor Michael Beesley, comment from the telecommunications industry to be submitted to him within two months to allow him time to formulate a policy and make a statement in the House of Commons before Parliament's summer recess.

The Government is expected to favour in principle most of Beesley's findings.

About 150 Conservative MPs signed a Commons motion two weeks ago encouraging the Government to pursue liberalization "relentlessly."

When the report was published Sir Keith invited Professor Michael Beesley, a Treasury and Civil Service select committee has been examining finance for nationalized industries, and is expected to report on August 12. By the beginning of October, a working party of the National Economic Development Office will also have concluded its deliberations.

The British Telecommunications Bill, which received the Royal Assent last Monday, empowers the Government to license private operators of telecommunications networks or the providers of new services.

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## Zimbabwe takeover

The Zimbabwe Government has taken control of Caps Holdings, the country's biggest pharmaceutical manufacturer. The state bought 42.6 per cent of the equity for £24.5m (£3.3m).

Mr Enos Nkala, the finance minister, said this was in line with the government's policy of actively participating in strategic industries.

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## Merchant bank annual meeting

Shareholders of merchant bank Arbuthnot Latham gathered at the group's London head office today for the annual meeting.

Thirteen days ago, the group suspended Sir Trevor Dawson and Mr Michael Barrett from running their investment offshoot Arbuthnot Securities, after stockbrokers Halliday, Simpson became the subject of a Stock Exchange inquiry. Halliday, Simpson subsequently closed.

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BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR

## Back to the realities

Here at home the royal wedding may have given us a complete day's rest from worrying about our economic and financial problems. But it seems as though most of the world's other major markets were also on short time as well without London there to show a lead.

The dollar opened slightly lower against the main European currencies, but firmed a little following publication of the US leading economic indicators whose 1.3 per cent decline in June underlined that the economy was still slowing following the previous week's statistics. These showed that there was a 1.9 per cent fall in the economy in the second quarter. Even after last week's surprisingly good US money supply figures, there is still as yet no sign that the Federal Reserve is going to allow interest rates to fall, but at least the sort of pressure that was building up for a further increase has now receded.

Wall Street, already edgy over President Reagan's tax programme, has seen all this before, but managed to go higher yesterday on hopes that the weakening economy will reduce credit demands and interest rates.

The rest of the world has become just as obsessed with US rates as the US itself and until there is some end to the stalemate across the Atlantic, countries like the UK, Germany and France will just have to grin and bear high interest rates whatever the domestic difficulties they cause. The West German bond market tried to take heart yesterday from rumours that budget cuts would provide some scope for a reduction in German rates. But while the dollar strengthens the way it did against the Deutschmark on Monday the Bundesbank has precious little room for manoeuvre.

At least at home the Bank of England has steadied the nerves of the money markets, and France managed to trim money rates fractionally yesterday, but it will be some time before there is a decisive enough trend in the US to permit other world rates to come down significantly. Meanwhile the UK equity market will today be taking its usual lead from ICI's half-year figures, where the chairman's comment about current trading will be more important than the figures themselves.

### Conoco

### Behind the auction

It would be foolish to read any great industrial logic into the intensifying battle for Conoco. The United States has long been characterized by what is known as the "chief executive syndrome" — the machismo desire of heads of large corporations to make the grand gesture. Seagrams in search of the big buy to spend its cash; du Pont with a new chief executive pressurized by the expectations of shareholders building up behind him; the major oil companies in falling favour with their shareholders and made suddenly aware of their freedom to manoeuvre without Justice Department restrictions — this heady mixture has brought its own combustion. It proves little beyond the fact that planning of seedcorn diversification by multinationals will always be regarded as second best to a major take-over as the only means of affecting returns in any substantial way.

In so far as there is any logic, the honours probably lie with du Pont. Over the last two decades du Pont, like ICI and the leading German chemical groups, has constantly toyed with the idea of moving back "upstream" from chemicals to raw materials base of its own, even planning at one time to build its own basic petrochemical plant in the United States.

It has always withdrawn from the decision on the grounds that the oil companies, with their stranglehold on crude oil resources, left them too little room to compete.

Now that the concession system is breaking down in the Middle East and

the oil market is being increasingly dominated by government sales, the same restraints no longer apply. It could, of course, be argued that it is precisely at a time like this, when a company can play the market and vary its sources, that it is foolish to spend large sums assuring supplies. Certainly most analysts had expected du Pont to seek purchases in the pharmaceutical or other value-added businesses. The justifications put forward by Mr Edward Jefferson, du Pont's new head are probably post hoc. The rapidity of negotiations between Conoco and du Pont, Conoco's preferred suitor following the Seagram bid smacks of opportunism. Yet, from Conoco's point of view, du Pont would add rather than simply repeat its business, bringing to it a large research base and a position downstream in the market that it has been lacking so far.

### Market changes

The reasoning of the oil companies in the Conoco fray and on the sidelines — Mobil, Texaco and Gulf — arises from a quite different starting point. Ever since the energy crisis of 1972-73, companies have seen the writing on the wall as far as continued oil growth was concerned. Hence the succession of moves — with the single and interesting exception of Texaco — to buy into coal, minerals and nuclear technology. But these have been seen largely as long term investments. Whatever the theory, the oil market since then has consistently brought, with a succession of crises, better returns than any other business in which they have been involved.

What has happened in the last six months or so is a growing suspicion by the oil companies that real oil prices will not continue to rise through the eighties and provide the mainstay of their business until their diversification efforts pay off in the nineties. If the current charge of the elephants represents any trend it is this: that, freed from the previous constraints of anti-trust sentiment, the oil companies may now be feeling their strength in a drive for much more ambitious diversification investments.

Conoco's coal reserves are the second largest in the United States and for companies late in the diversification field take-over represents a quick way to the head of the race.

Less acceptable may be another development in oil company thinking. Given a dramatic lowering in oil demand forecasts, the biggest single problem of oil companies today is a surplus of refining capacity. Just as the great mergers of the early years of the oil industry by Rockefeller and others were carried out to give scale to growth, so the oil industry may now be entering a period of mergers to cope with lack of growth through rationalization and closures of facilities — a trend that could develop as much in Europe as in the U.S.

### Turning point

And yet one may be forgiven for thinking that the lessons of the Conoco affair will be rather simpler than this. The assumption that the turning point in oil growth has arrived stems from an extrapolation of current demand trends confused by the economic recession. It may well be that those trends are here to stay over the long-term, although the oil industry has tended to get its assumptions badly wrong over the last few years. But the central factor also remains that, for the next five years, oil supplies remain precariously dependent on the Middle East. And the reasonable assumption must be that peace in the Middle East will not reign for long.

The stock exchanges of both Europe and the U.S. have now downgraded oil stocks to the point that it is considerably cheaper at the moment to buy reserves by buying a company than going out and developing oil sources of one's own. Conoco has substantial oil reserves in the North Sea and North America. It may well prove a good straight investment for any suitor, whatever the industrial logic.

At first glance Mrs Thatcher's announcement on Monday of new measures to cut youth unemployment looked like a clear victory for the Tory moderates and Mr Jim Prior, the Employment Secretary, in particular.

Secret plots and increasingly dismal forecasts on youngsters out of work had it seemed forced the Prime Minister and Treasury Ministers to accede to demands for action.

Indeed, at one point Mrs Thatcher appeared to give her personal endorsement to Mr Prior's proposals for a £1,000m programme to take all school leavers out of the dole queues by 1983, which went to Cabinet committee two weeks ago.

"Our aim," she declared echoing Mr Prior's own words, "is to reach the position where all young people on leaving school either move into further education, find a job or are given the chance of vocational training or community service."

But a closer look at the package — which will cost £150m this year and a further £700m in 1982 — reveals that the hard-liners have managed to preserve their tough monetary policies virtually intact. Treasury ministers seem to have successfully resisted any attempt to boost employment by increasing overall public spending and hence reducing demand.

Instead, they will be looking for offsetting savings in other programmes when the annual review of public spending takes place this autumn. (The cost of the measures this year will come out of the contingency reserve so will not affect the planned spending total.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, reinforced this message on Tuesday evening when he hinted that if compensating savings were not made taxes might have to rise as a consequence.

The extra spending on youth employment measures has undoubtedly made the Treasury's task of checking public spending growth more difficult. Even before the new measures it was evident that fresh cuts in spending programmes were becoming harder than ever to secure.

Failure to get the cuts the Treasury wants, makes the government's hopes of reducing taxes before the next election increasingly remote. But there is as yet no sign that the Government is prepared to abandon its medium-term financial strategy which envisages a continuing fall in public sector borrowing as a proportion of gross domestic product over the next three years.

What is more, Mrs Thatcher has announced a significant new measure which adopts hardline Tory thinking on what are seen as the inefficiencies and distortions in

## Prior's jobs package: could it be a hollow victory?

### THE NEW EMPLOYMENT MEASURES

1982-83	Cost in Numbers	affected
Setting up 20 information technology centres, each taking about 30 trainees on 6-month courses.	£5m	N/a
Extra resources to provide courses for children staying on at school or enrolling in further education.	£60m	50,000 extra to continue in education next year.
Extra cash for the Youth Opportunities Programme to provide places for every school leaver by Christmas and other youngsters unemployed for three months within following three months.	£350-£400m	Extra 110,000 places 1981-82 (bringing total to 550,000).
Extra help to support apprenticeships in industry and prevent apprentice redundancies.	£11m	8,000 extra apprenticeships and 1,000 saved from redundancy.
£15 weekly subsidy for employers for each under-18 worker recruited during first year after leaving school, provided they are paid less than £40 a week.	£60	15-20,000 taken off register by March 1983.
Lowering eligible age for Job Release Scheme from 64 to 63 this November and to 62 from February 1982.	£150m	Extra 57,000 taken off register by March 1983.
Payment of higher supplementary benefit rate to unemployed people aged over 60 drawing benefit for more than a year, if they opt to retire early.	£20m	Extra 45,000 taken off register by March 1982.
Extra money for Community Enterprise Programme and voluntary organisations to take on more volunteers.	£12m	N/a
Total cost £700m gross £4-500m net (taking account of savings in social security benefits and extra tax and national insurance contributions from those in work).		

the labour market created by trade union bargaining. This is the scheme, reportedly the brainchild of Professor Alan Walters, the Prime Minister's special economic adviser, which will pay employers a £15-a-week subsidy for youngsters aged under 18 employed in their first year of leaving school, provided they are paid less than £40 a week.

This scheme takes as its starting point the belief that youth unemployment is higher than it needs to be because wages paid to inexperienced young people are too high in relation to adult earnings. By giving employers a financial incentive to pay youngsters less than £40 a week, substantially below present pay rates in most jobs, the Government is seeking to force down market wage rates for young people.

It hopes that more jobs for youngsters will be created as a result, both directly in the subsidized firms and as a consequence of the spill-over effects on the pay of young people in general. The scheme, as it was undoubtedly intended to, poses particular difficulties for the 27 statutory wages councils, covering three million workers in poorly union-

ized occupations such as catering and retailing, which fix minimum wage rates.

The four largest councils, covering two million workers, all set rates of more than £40 a week to 17-year-olds and two of them set rates of more than £40 to 16-year-olds.

Employers paying less than this are liable for prosecution and will obviously not be able to take advantage of the subsidy scheme.

Mrs Thatcher said in Parliament on Tuesday that she hoped that the Wages Councils, independent bodies comprising representatives from employers, trade unions and independents "will take into account the measures we proposed". But the unions will fiercely resist any move within the councils to cut the statutory rates for youngsters. A spokesman for the Trades Union Congress said yesterday that any such reduction could put at risk union participation in wages councils.

Union opposition to pay rate cuts for youngsters in work is likely to impose a big check on the subsidy scheme's effectiveness. But even without such opposition the onus for its success are unpropitious.

In an unpublished review of special employment programmes the Manpower Services Commission points out that two previous subsidy programmes, the Small Firms Employment Subsidy and the Youth Employment Subsidy, had to be abandoned because it was found that most of the people being subsidized (three out of four in the case of YES) would have been employed anyway or were being employed only at the expense of others, for example adults on full pay.

The Government admits that the scheme will subsidize youngsters who already have jobs, and that there is a risk that older workers will be displaced by the attractions of cheaper young alternatives. But the Department of Employment reckons that the scheme could take perhaps 15-20,000 school leavers permanently off the register by March 1983 when it is fully operational, and Ministers believe that by reducing wage costs it will lead to the long-term creation of new permanent jobs.

What impact are the remaining measures likely to have on unemployment overall? The Government estimates that

the package as a whole could take an extra 216,000 people off the unemployment register by March 1983 (108,000 by March 1982), bringing the total reduction in the unemployment total stemming from special employment measures to half a million. It is now just over 300,000.

But of these measures only one (the subsidy scheme) offers any promise of additional permanent jobs. The others involve straight forward substitution of people in existing jobs (early retirement) or the removal of people from the labour force temporarily (the Youth Opportunities Programme and other measures for education and training).

While these can undoubtedly have a big impact on the unemployment total by reducing the supply of labour, they do nothing to expand demand.

The scale of the Government's immediate plans for taking people out of the labour force must also be called into question.

In particular, the Youth Opportunities Programme, which provides temporary work experience and training for periods of up to a year, is already strained to bursting point to cope with its swelling in size over the past three years.

But there is one group which has suffered, and will go on suffering, even if plans for the young unemployed are put into effect. They are the older long-term unemployed whose prospects are crucially dependent on the creation of new jobs. The numbers unemployed for over a year are expected to drop to over a million by 1983, and their numbers will go on rising for some time after total unemployment peaks.

The only programme specifically for this group — the Community Work programme — which covered 15,600 people at the end of June — helps only a tiny fraction on a temporary basis, and no significant expansion of CWP was announced on Monday.

Without an overall expansion of demand in the economy there is little real prospect of a substantial fall in adult unemployment. Indeed there are dangers that the new measures announced by the Government could make things worse with older workers displaced by younger ones under the subsidy scheme or the YOP and the government's intention to seek compensating savings in other public spending programmes bringing extra unemployment in their wake. Unless the "wets" press home their advantage by pushing for reflation now, their apparent success could prove a Pyrrhic victory. Ministers will return from their summer holidays to face the public spending review with everything still to fight for.

Frances Williams

### Economic notebook

## No easy solution to sterling's slide

As Britain begins to throw off its royal wedding euphoria this morning, it is faced once again with all those harsher realities of national life, like unemployment, riots and the plight of sterling. The star-gazers of the Treasury and the City return to search for clues to where the pound's present slide on the currency markets will end.

With sterling now in its more familiar role as one of the feeble currencies, it is difficult to believe that not long ago there appeared to be no limit to its ascent. By the early weeks of 1981, it had soared to its highest level for six years. Since then it has dropped against the dollar by an average of 2 cents a week.

The rise and fall of the pound has been spectacular. Between those dark days of

1976 when the pound's disastrous decline obliged Britain to seek help from the International Monetary Fund, and last winter when it was climbing through the stratosphere, the rate of exchange against the dollar rose over 50 per cent. The subsequent drop now exceeds 20 per cent.

Sterling's rise and fall against other currencies during the period is only slightly less dramatic. Its effective rate against a basket of important currencies rose by around a third and has since fallen by about 12 per cent.

What has caused such a great reversal in international sentiment towards the pound?

There were three main factors supporting sterling at the turn of the year. The first was what may be called the "Thatcher factor". This represented a general belief that the "Iron

lady" would not waver in her determination to defeat inflation in Britain and would stand firm in the face of demands from the trade unions.

The second factor was sterling's status as a "petro-currency".

The third was the level of interest rates in Britain, which were then among the highest for the industrialized nations and consequently made the pound an attractive investment.

All of these three factors have either diminished in importance or completely disappeared.

The "Thatcher factor" was seriously undermined on February 18, when the Government capitulated to the threat of a national strike by coalminers over proposals to close 23 pits. This capitulation had a far more shattering effect on the currency markets than it is usually credited with. It is probably no coincidence that the pound's effective rate reached its peak only four days before the Government's decision not to allow the pit closures to go ahead and to increase subsidies to the National Coal Board instead.

At the same time, the drop in world demand for oil and the consequent glut has driven down prices, and reduced the attraction of sterling as a "petro-currency". Britain has already had to cut by 10 per cent the price at which it sells North Sea oil and there remains the possibility of further cuts. Some economic forecasters now believe that it will be 1983 before the demand for oil will be sufficient to set prices on a rising trend again.

As far as interest rates are concerned, those in the United States had already overtaken British rates by last autumn. But, since then interest rates in several other important countries have also gone up. Moreover, by May the differential between Euro-dollar and Eurosterling deposit rates had widened to as much as 6 percentage points.

If these developments were responsible for the dramatic about turn in the fortunes of sterling, other, more recent events have served to further damage confidence. These were the riots in Britain's cities.

Not only do the riots shatter the image of Britain as a socially and politically stable country, but they put a large question mark over the government's ability to further cut public expenditure.

In the short-term, what now happens to sterling will largely depend on the course

of United States interest rates. If they edge downwards in the later months of this year, this will take the pressure off sterling. But if the pound is regarded with such suspicion at the trough of the business cycle, this bodes ill for the upturn.

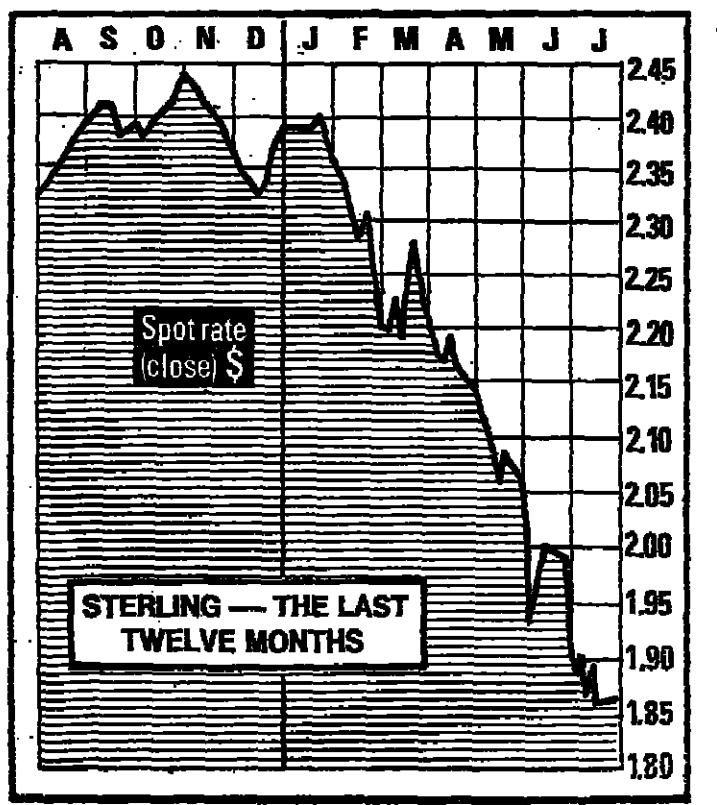
On every measure Britain's lack of international competitiveness is desperately apparent, in spite of the recent fall in the pound. Even if the Government is successful in holding down the rate of wage increases to 5 or 6 per cent in the 1981-82 pay round and in pushing productivity up, Britain's competitiveness will still not be restored to anything like the position in 1978.

Even the mild recovery in British output in 1982, forecast by economists at the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development is expected by them to help turn this year's huge £5,000m current account surplus into a small deficit next year.

This means that a weakness on the balance of payments will quickly emerge as a constraint on any more substantial recovery, in spite of the help provided by North Sea oil. One answer to this would be for the Government to seek to get the rate for sterling to fall much further. This would help restore more of Britain's lost competitiveness, pushing up the price of our exports and raising the price at which imports come into the country.

However, even this approach requires some restraint on domestic growth. The document says only that "an agreed policy to control inflation will be essential to safeguard expansion". What this really means must remain to be seen. But it could be important for sterling.

Melvyn Westlake



## Business Diary: Rod makers query casting vote

I was surprised to see an announcement headed "Partridge" about arrangements for this year's Game Fair, which opens at Stowe today.

Partridge, of course, have every reason to be annoyed at the date of the Game Fair, which opens at Stowe today. Partridge, however upset they may be about something, they rarely hang around long enough to argue the point.

The partridge concerned about the Game Fair, however, is not the sort you shoot, but the species from which you buy fish-hooks and rods — viz, A. E. Partridge of Redditch.

Alan Bramley, Partridge's managing director, is annoyed about arrangements for the rod casting demonstrations which are so popular a feature of the Game Fair. His

company makes rods from split cane, whereas the casting demonstrations, by such stars of sedge and osier as Ian Blagburn, will be given over to rods made from a rival material, carbon fibre.

Many of the bigger rod firms have invested heavily in carbon fibre, says Bramley, are hooked up with carbon fibre firms and it is their products therefore which will get pride of place at Stowe this week.

In fact, Ian Blagburn, who demonstrates casting for Hardy's, did demonstrate a small cane fly rod for Partridge last year. Bramley argues that it is not good enough that split cane rod makers should have to rely on the courtesy of friends in the trade for a spot in this showcase.

"We are a British manufacturer and priority is being given in the demonstrations to people casting with rods that are imported or made from imported blanks," he says.

Although it rather damages his patriotic case, he did offer to bring over a Dutch casting expert for this year's fair but was told it was too late to alter the arrangements. Partridge will demonstrate cane rod-making at the fair.

### Hullabaloo

Black Country (above right) boat builder Malcolm Braine has just completed what he claims to be the most opulent narrow boat ever to grace our canals. Sixty feet long and weighing 20 tons, the steel-hulled craft, yet to be named, has a large cabin built entirely of exotic hard woods and equipped with central heating, radio



telephone, tv, hi-fi, bar and boardroom. Boardroom? Yes, says Braine of Felsall, it would be used as a floating boardroom by its new owners, Rochdale Canal Company of Manchester, one of the few remaining independent canal operators. They were resurrecting a tradition dating from the heyday of canal travel when rival owners vied with each other to have the most outstanding flagship.

All very laudable, we thought, but hasn't Rochdale been reduced to collecting tolls on a one and a half mile stretch of canal which is part of the Manchester link system? It used to operate the 44 miles between Rochdale and Manchester, but this has been cut in a number of places by the M6 and local authority development rendering it useless for boating. Where will it show the flag in its new boat? Rochdale's managing director, Denis Hawkins was amused.

offences along with Roberto Calvi of Banco Ambrosiano. Bonomi came out with his head high, as the court acquitted him.

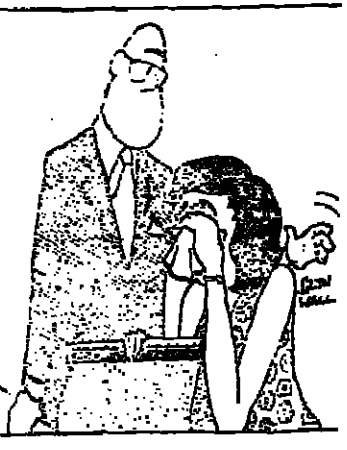
He is naturally bitter about a legal system which allows over 28 days to be wasted in prison cell, yet provides no legal redress for the damage done to his reputation.

So Bonomi, who is well acquainted with Anglo-Saxon business methods, having worked as a young man with other Mancunians during the 1920s in New York, is expected to encourage a policy of more information, to help restore the image of a group with an annual turnover of over £1,300m (£695m) and 12,000 employees.

The heart of the group is Beni Immobili Italia, a property and holding company, flanked by two sub-holdings, Invest and Coge, which control about 100 companies, mostly in Italy but also in the United States and Latin America and with Dominion Insurance in Britain.

Copies of a spoof telegram from Buck House appeared on telegraph poles in the north-east Surrey village of Thames Ditton before a children's street party yesterday. Dated July 21 it read: "My fiancée and I thank you warmly for your invitation to your street party on the day of the wedding. We have cancelled all other arrangements after the ceremony and expect to be with you about 4.30. Can anyone put us up for the night as we would like to stop."

Ross Davies



"There, there Miss Brown. The odds were always against Lady Diana tossing her bouquet up to the fourth floor anyway."







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in a wide spread of commercial, retail, industrial and agricultural  
properties. It will also involve the supervision of a small but rapidly  
expanding private portfolio of property interests. In each case it is the  
intention to proceed both by the acquisition of developed properties and  
by initiating the group's own development schemes. There is a  
substantial commitment to expansion in real terms in the ten-year plan.

Candidates will be in their thirties, preferably chartered surveyors,  
with wide experience of site acquisition and development in which their  
own commercial judgment has been successfully proved. This  
experience may have been gained in the profession, a property  
company, pension fund, insurance company or other institution. The  
salary will be in excess of £20,000 with car and non-contributory pension.  
Location London West End.

Candidates should apply in strict confidence, giving details of age,  
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CHOICE

# Broadcasting Guide

## TELEVISION

### BBC 1

6.40 am Open University: Tanzania. 7.30 Handicapped in the Community. Closedown at 7.55.  
9.55 The Wombles. MacWombles the Terrible (r). 10.00 Jackanory. Cyd Hayman reads Tam and Cam, an Oriental folk tale. 10.15 Chuggers Plays Pop. Fun and Games along with pop music which this morning is supplied by The Look, Shakin' Stevens and Bad Manners (r). 10.35 Why Don't You...? Ideas for children on holiday provided by some youngsters from Bristol (r). Closedown at 11.00.  
11.25 Cricket: Fourth Test. Live coverage of the opening day's play at Edgbaston in the game between England and Australia introduced by Peter West. The commentators are Richie Benaud, Peter Walker, Mike Smith and Tom Craven. Coverage is further live coverage at 2.05 pm on BBC 1 and 4.25 on

### BBC 2

6.40 am Open University: Mining. 7.05 Statistics: Significant Testing. 7.30 Maths: Differential Equations. Closedown at 7.55.  
11.00 Play School. For the under fives presented by Carol Chell and Johnny Ball. Today's programme is a special one. Ugly Duckling and the guest is Julian Lloyd Webber. Closedown at 11.25.  
2.15 pm Glorious Goodwood. Four races live from the Sussex course introduced by Julian Wilson — the 2.30, 3.05, 3.40 (The Goodwood Cup) and 4.15.

### BBC 3

6.20 Nationwide including Grass Roots with Mike Neville from 1.30 Check-a-Block. Fred Harris with a programme for the very young. 1.45 News. 2.05 Cricket: Fourth Test. Further live coverage from Edgbaston on the first day's play. 4.20 Play School. For the under fives (shown earlier on BBC 2). 4.45 Cartoon: Scooby Doo in Decoy for a Dognapper (r). 5.05 John Caven's Newsworld. The intelligent child's guide to the latest world events. 5.10 We are the Champions. Ron Pickering presents the fifth heat of this inter-school aquatic competition from the Central Park Swimming Pool, Plymouth. The schools represented are Lady-mead School, Taunton, Liskeard School, Cornwall and Plymouth School, Plymouth. The special Guest is Sharron Davies. 5.40 News read by Peter Woods. 5.55 Regional news magazines.

### BBC 4

6.00 am News Briefing. 6.10 Farming Today. 6.15 Yesterday in Parliament. 9.00 News read by Kenneth Kendall. 9.25 The Good Old Days. The chairman, Leonard Sachs, introduces another selection of entertainers for our delight including Tessie O'Shea. 10.15 The Black Stuff by Alan Bleasdale. A play about a gang of tarmac layers who practice some free enterprise when their boss is away. 12.00 Weather.

### BBC 5

6.00 am News Briefing. 6.10 Farming Today. 6.15 Yesterday in Parliament. 9.00 News read by Kenneth Kendall. 9.25 The Good Old Days. The chairman, Leonard Sachs, introduces another selection of entertainers for our delight including Tessie O'Shea. 10.15 The Black Stuff by Alan Bleasdale. A play about a gang of tarmac layers who practice some free enterprise when their boss is away. 12.00 Weather.

### BBC 6

6.00 am News Briefing. 6.10 Farming Today. 6.15 Yesterday in Parliament. 9.00 News read by Kenneth Kendall. 9.25 The Good Old Days. The chairman, Leonard Sachs, introduces another selection of entertainers for our delight including Tessie O'Shea. 10.15 The Black Stuff by Alan Bleasdale. A play about a gang of tarmac layers who practice some free enterprise when their boss is away. 12.00 Weather.

### BBC 7

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## THE BLACK STUFF

(BBC 1, 10.15 pm)

SPEARHEAD — IN HONGKONG (ITV, 9.00 pm) isn't it much for Army recruitment but will add a sense of excitement (not to mention a gust of professionalism) to Thursday night viewing. It's a new series about a company, Royal Wessex Rangers, who are fighting the war in Germany and Northern Ireland have already been chronicled. Now, they are in Hongkong, staunching the flow of illegal immigrants from China. "A bastard of a job," says the platoon commander. "Good hunting: they'll look nice on the wall," says the visiting reporter as yet another batch of refugees are pounced on after a hellish flight across the border. Nick McCarthy's script is a commendable mix of brutality and cut and what clinches the realism are the location photography and a cast of actors who sound like soldiers.

THE BIG SLEEP (BBC 2, 8.15 pm). Howard Hawks' film of the Chandler thriller, is infinitely better than To Have and Have Not, Hawks' film of the Hemingway story. The other factor linking the two films is the presence of Bacall and Bogart. In the Hemingway, this unique partnership was merely sketched in. Tonight, the portrait is crowded with detail. I have been casting around for a succinct way to describe this partnership. Charles Hingham and Joel Greenberg, who wrote Hollywood's first film noir, categorized them as two sophisticated people deploring the world but not angered by it. I can't improve on that.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRIENDS (Radio 3, 10.10 pm) is Eva Figs's distillation of the letters that passed between Flaubert and George Sand. His passion has the brakes on. "I have a particular tenderness for you," he writes, and the general tone of his letters is misanthropic towards life. "I kiss the two great diamonds which adorn your face," she writes, and her letters are warm with philanthropy. Miss Figs has turned years of correspondence into 50 minutes of marvellous conversation between Rosemary Leach and Michael Byrne.

Peter Davalle

WHAT THE SYMBOLS MEAN: INTER-OFFICE AND WHITE: (R) REPEAT.

### Thames

9.30 am Larry the Lamb: The Tale of the Inventor (r) 9.40 Cities. A look at Rome in the company of Anthony Burgess. 10.30 The Outsiders. Charlie takes an Australian government post and becomes involved in political intrigue (r). 11.20 A Big Country Margaret Powell talks about her second life as a writer which began when she was fifty-eight. 11.30 Cartoons: Barney Google and Snuffy Smith (r). 12.00 The Ark Survivors. Crocodile and the Kite with animal noises by Perry Edwards. 12.10 pm Stepping Stones. Puppets with a purpose introduced by Vicky Ireland (r). 12.30 The Sullivan. Drama series about an Australian family during World War Two. 1.00 News 1.50 Thames News. 1.30 Emmerdale Farm. A theft is discovered in Beckindale (r). 2.00 Here Today. The theme of this week's programme is silk. Singing star Elaine Paige is the star. 2.25 Film: Sea of Sand (1958) starring Richard Attenborough and John Grogan World War Two drama about a group of soldiers. 4.15 Cartoon: Weasel Stop featuring Foghorn Leghorn. 4.20 Survival: In Praise of Penguins narrated by Richard

### ITV

6.20 Nationwide including Grass Roots with Mike Neville from 1.30 Check-a-Block. Fred Harris with a programme for the very young. 1.45 News. 2.05 Cricket: Fourth Test. Further live coverage from Edgbaston on the first day's play. 4.20 Play School. For the under fives (shown earlier on BBC 2). 4.45 Cartoon: Scooby Doo in Decoy for a Dognapper (r). 5.05 John Caven's Newsworld. The intelligent child's guide to the latest world events. 5.10 We are the Champions. Ron Pickering presents the fifth heat of this inter-school aquatic competition from the Central Park Swimming Pool, Plymouth. The schools represented are Lady-mead School, Taunton, Liskeard School, Cornwall and Plymouth School, Plymouth. The special Guest is Sharron Davies. 5.40 News read by Peter Woods. 5.55 Regional news magazines.

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A haul of illegal immigrants: Spearhead in Hongkong (ITV 9.00 pm)

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8.30 Rule Britannia. In the second programme of his series James Ballin examines the changes which have occurred over the past century in the business of making money.

9.00 Spearhead — in Hong Kong. Adventures of Six Platoon stationed in Hong Kong and detailed to stop illegal immigrants crossing over from China (See Choice).

10.00 News. 10.30 Secrets of Midland Heights. American imported drama series about an American college community.

11.30 Christmas Under Fire. Dick Taverne chairs a discussion on whether it is possible to be both Christian and capitalist. Putting their arguments to Professor Brian Griffiths and Colin Barnett.

12.00 What the Papers Say. 12.15 am Close with Dilys Powell reading a favourite poem.

5.45 News 6.00 Thames News 6.25 Help! Viv Taylor Gees while out fishing.

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# Entertainments Guide

# Classified Guide

## ENTERTAINMENTS

Most credit cards accepted at telephone bookings or at the box office. Telephone 01-234 5678 for more information.

## OPERA & BALLET

COVENT GARDEN. 8.00 pm. The Marriage of Figaro. 8.00 pm. The Marriage of Figaro. 8.00 pm. The Marriage of Figaro.

## CONCERTS

WYNN ELIZABETH HALL. 8.00 pm. The Marriage of Figaro. 8.00 pm. The Marriage of Figaro. 8.00 pm. The Marriage of Figaro.

## THEATRES

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